Spirit of the Times

FORBES
DEL. ET. SC.

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 33.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* AMERICAN WINNING HORSES, FOUR MILE HEATS,, during the year 1836—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc., and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence.*

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses,* THREE *Mile Heats,* with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe, Post Boy, Mingo, Rodolph,* and *Linnet,* with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1835, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Ninth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats.*

The *Twentieth* number (July 1), contained an Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses* of 1836, at *Mile Heats,* with a variety of Statistics of the Turf.

☞ Back numbers from the commencement of the present volume, will be furnished to new subscribers if desired. Files will also be preserved at the office for binding, at the expiration of the year, for such gentlemen as wish it.

Things Theatrical.

FORREST is playing nightly to very full houses at the *Park.* His *Richard III.* last Monday night, was one of the grandest histrionic displays seen in Old Drury for years. Mr. F. was called for when the curtain fell, but was so much exhausted as to send an apology. He has appeared since our last in *Lear, Rolla,* and the *Gladiator.* We have room but for the slightest notice this week.

Madame **CARADORI ALLEN**, the celebrated vocalist, arrived last Saturday from Liverpool, and will make her first appearance in this country at the Park on the conclusion of **ELLEN TREE**'s engagement, which follows Forrest's. She is said to have been engaged by Mr. **PRICE**, in London, for fifty nights.

VANDENHOFF is drawing but tolerable houses at the *National,* though he has the aid of **ABBOTT**, the **WALLACKS**, and **EMMA WHEATLEY**. **HACKETT** brought out his new piece last Tuesday, of "*A Vision of Knickerbocker,*" with great success, we hear.

Mrs. **GIBBS** is the principal attraction at the *Bowery.* She appears on the same nights with Jim Crow, and they have beside a French Dancer or two. Still the houses are shy. A blacksmith and an upholsterer up town, with the make-weight of Georgie Stevenson, compose the management, poor **DINNEFORD** not having a word to say. As might have been expected, the Bowery is going to the Devil about as fast as lightning through a gooseberry bush.

The *Olympic* managers have engaged **EDWIN**; they have some others in reserve to fill the places of **BARRETT** and Mrs. **MAEDER**, who leave immediately. The business has improved $100 per night since Niblo's Garden closed.

The *Franklin* is still alive and kicking, and the *Washington* ditto. If they can pull through a week or two longer they'll make "a live" of it.

FLYNN is about to sail for Europe on a theatrical speculation. What's in the wind now?

JOHN SEFTON goes immediately South and West on a starring tour, and sails for Europe on his return, to engage a company for Niblo next season. John is a great creature, though there's not much of him.

The Albany theatre was opened last Wednesday by Fuller & Blake. Forrest, Jim Crow, etc., are engaged as stars.

ELLEN TREE is in Philadelphia, playing to sorry houses.

Mrs. **SHAW** is at Cincinnati, playing the first business.

PARSONS and **PEARSON** are at the City theatre, Louisville; **INGERSOLL** is at the American. Mrs. **BAILEY** and **PLUMER** are giving Concerts in that city.

To-night is set apart for the benefit of Mrs. **GIBBS**, at the Bowery, when she will appear in a new piece, and repeat the part of *Orpheus* in the "Olympic Devils," in which she made a great hit last Monday, and was called out. A grand melo drama will conclude the varied entertainments of the evening.

Miss **CLIFTON** left town last Saturday for Boston. She opened at the Tremont on Monday night, under the most favorable auspices. Her appearance is thus heralded in the papers:—

Miss Clifton, Melpomene's fairest daughter, will make her first appearance in Boston this season, at the Tremont, to-night. Her brilliant success at the New York Park Theatre, was surpassed by the favor she won in Washington, and we confidently anticipate an equally flattering engagement for her on the present occasion. Morning Post.

Miss Clifton appears at the Tremont on Monday evening. It is said that she is quite as tall and much handsomer than ever. Even the Advertiser—not apt to be prodigal of compliment—calls her "the beautiful Josephine." Think of that, my masters. Evening Transcript.

Miss Clifton was received with enthusiastic applause last night, and played Bianca in a style of excellence never surpassed on our stage;—the audience was numerous. To-night she will play Juliana, in the Honeymoon.

Boston Morning Post of Tuesday.

THEATRICALS IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23, 1837.

DEAR P.—When I saw you in New-York, you informed me that theatrical intelligence would always prove acceptable, and I hasten to furnish you with what has come under my observation. **WARD** opened the theatre with Miss **CLIFTON** ten days ago, and has been playing since to crowded houses. **WILLIS**'s "*Bianca Visconti*" was received with much favor, and played successfully three nights. The piece depends materially upon Miss Clifton, but the subordinate parts were well played. Mrs. **LEWELLEN** played the *Page* admirably, and Mrs. **HERBERT**'s *Fiametta* was well acted. The company is certainly not so good as last season's, but, your National and Park only excepted, I know not one concern in your city possessing more talent than the National Company here. It must be remembered that **MAYWOOD** lost some thousands by Baltimore and Washington, and Ward doubtless feels it necessary to play a safe game in consequence. Everything appears to be well regulated, and both audience and stage departments are evidently directed by one who performs his own duty and exacts it rigidly in others.

RODNEY plays the principal characters, and if he would free himself of imitations, and depend more upon the resources of his own mind, he would soon become a great favorite. **LEWELLEN** is too often thrust before the audience in minor parts, which he does not strive to render important, but where he has any thing to perform worthy attention, he certainly does justice to both his author and audience. His *Claude Dernand,* and the principal character in "The Dream at Sea," he acts "excellent well."

MOSSOP is an improving actor, and sings with great taste and judgment. His *Orsorio, Dr. O'Toole,* and *Frederick,* in "No," were all good, and he already ranks as high with the public as others of years standing.

Little **KNIGHT** continues a member of the company, and a very great favorite. Ward has certainly the art of placing his people in a favorable view; for although Knight was always a favorite of mine, I never saw him to such advantage as I have done in this city and Baltimore.

Mrs. **LEWELLEN** is becoming a very great favorite, and since her personation of the Page in "Bianca Visconti," never appears without being warmly greeted. She is a pretty, elegant, modest woman, and in her private and public character, highly deserving approbation. Mrs. **KNIGHT** never appears without being fervently welcomed, and is always chaste and spirited in whatever she undertakes. Mrs. **HERBERT** is alike good as actress and vocalist. Miss **PACKARD** plays the young ladies well, and the old ones are creditably sustained by Mrs. Slater. Miss Warren, Miss Cross, Miss Dudley, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Scott and Miss Kelly make up the remaining female members of the company, which I repeat is, out of New-York, second to none in the Union.

Little **HILL** has been playing to crowded houses, and it is expected that similar success will attend Miss **NELSON**'s exertions. It is reported that Ward is preparing for *La Sonnambula* and *Cinderella,* with great spirit, and is endeavoring, in addition to Miss **TURPIN**, to secure **WALTON**, **PEARSON**, &c., &c., of Philadelphia.

THEATRICALS IN BOSTON.

Extract from a Letter to the Editor of the Philadelphia Enquirer, dated,

TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON, Sept. 18, 1837.

I was glad to encounter in the Inquirer and Daily Courier the other day, a kindly mention of our old theatrical favorite, Murdock. We have often missed upon our boards his fine and animated personations, and it pleased me to find that he is duly appreciated in this good "city of notions." He is playing the first parts at the Tremont, and is deservedly popular. The partiality of the audience I have myself, on one or two occasions, witnessed. He is remarkable for the correctness and fidelity of his readings. He never mars the language of his part, or substitutes extemporaneous nonsense and discord, for the elaborated blank verse of his author.

Murdock played Benedict the other night, to Miss Tree's Beatrice, and did the character ample justice. Of the lady's personation it is supererogatory to say a word in praise. When I tell you that Murdock's Benedict was worthy of her Beatrice, the compliment may seem extravagant, but is, I assure you, not unjust. His Charles Surface, the other night, was equally successful. He never attempts a part to which he is not wholly competent.

A new three-act melo drama was brought out here the beginning of the week, entitled "*Beatrice of Ferrara.*" It was played two nights, and would inevitably have been hissed, had it not been for the fine acting of Miss Tree. She elevated the language, the sentiment, and the situation, by her exquisite delivery and spirited performance; but the play itself is a poor affair. The author is a Mr. Plunkett, a nephew of Lord Plunkett's; and Miss Tree, it is understood, produced it at his express request. It would have been most decidedly d——d at Covent Garden, but the Bostonians swallowed it all with the meekest patience. They seemed to consider it a breach of decorum to hiss. The play deserved to be received with the sibillations of a whole nest of Boa Constrictors.

By the way, we are to have Miss **CLIFTON** here next week, who is to produce Willis's new tragedy of *Bianca Visconti.* If I may judge from the specimens published, there can be no doubt of its entire and merited success. *The fact that a* NEW YORK AUDIENCE *have given it the seal of their approbation, is enough to insure it a favorable reception throughout the country.* During her last engagement in this place, Miss Clifton played the heroine in a five-act play called *The Bride of Genoa,* written by young **SARGENT**, of this city. It was played five nights with tolerable success—but the author and his friends, and, I believe, the public, finally became ashamed of it, and it was withdrawn, after a profitable benefit. Sargent has since produced a tragedy in five acts, called *Velasco.* The female part written for Miss **TREE**, and the hero for Murdock. A few copies have been printed for the actors. Miss Tree has in my hearing expressed herself delighted with her part, and predicts for the piece extraordinary success. Murdock is no less enthusiastic in its praise. He means to make a hit in the part of Velasco. The play is already in rehearsal, and will be produced immediately on the return of Miss Tree, in November ensuing. In the mean time, she plays an engagement in Philadelphia, commencing on the 25th, and a subsequent one in New York.

The Boston Transcript says: "A *Colored Actress* is about to make her appearance at one of the Paris theatres. The papers speak of her as a negress.—Her name is Cecily. She was educated under the care of a lady of fortune at Guadaloupe, at whose death she was left quite destitute, and resolved to try her fortune on the stage. She was attached for some time to the French theatre at New Orleans, where she appears to have been extremely popular. A gentleman who saw her there, engaged her on the speculation of her exciting the curiosity of the Parisian public to a high degree, and since his arrival in Paris arrangements have been made for the appearance of his *protege* at the Gymnase. Cecily is 28 years of age, and is said, in her style of acting, to bear some resemblance to Mademoiselle Mars. A piece is writing for her first appearance.

The sale of the Boston Morning Post was so great last Monday, in consequence of its containing the story of "*Barnes's Rest,*" that the Governor was obliged to order out the militia to keep the crowd from rushing into the office through the windows.

A CARD.—The Publishers of the Post offer their thanks to his Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, for promptly ordering out the military to "save them from their friends" on Monday last, and also to the soldiers on guard, for the fearless manner in which they discharged their hazardous duty—especially the Berry-Street Rangers.

Absence of Mind.—A waggoner in Vermont intending for market, lifted his horse into the wagon, and tackled himself up in the traces. He did not discover his mistake until he undertook to neigh.

Little People.—The littler folks be, the bigger they talk. You never seed a small man that didn't wear high heeled boots, and a high crowned hat, and that warn't ready to fight almost any one, to show he was a man every inch of him. —*Sam Slick.*

"COMMENT ON THE TIMES."—Under this head the wit of the New York Star first announced that a man up town was turning a grindstone for a dollar a day. He sits, or sat at the corner of Eldridge and Stanton, turning away without noticing the passers by and the bystanders, who saluted him with all sorts of wit and attempts at wit. In the same ward, we understand, another person is seated with rod, line, hook, bait, and sinker, angling in a pail of water for—a dollar a day. Each of these industrious fellows, having nothing else to do, is paid by a club of persons who also have nothing else to do, but to make up a purse, and pay each his dollar regularly at night.

A MARE'S TWINS—HORSE AND MULE.

[The following interesting fact was communicated by General Thomas Emory of Maryland, to the *Farmer's Register.* We, at present, recollect no previous instance of a mare producing both a mule and a colt at the same time. There are several well authenticated cases of women producing both white and mulatto children at the same time.]

Near Salem, N. J. June, 6, 1837.

I hereby certify that I have a mare, which, this spring, produced twin colts—one of which was a mule and the other a horse colt, both having attained, before parturition, the ordinary size. The mule is still living, and the colt died without getting up, having been strangled by the cawl, or sack, from which the colt was not able to extricate itself. The mule is brown of the ordinary appearance. The colt was a fine sorrel, with blaze face and white feet. The circumstance is regarded in this neighbourhood as one of a very singular character in natural history, and was seen after the death of the colt by several persons, to wit: my son Joseph and Charles Slade.

The mare ran in my stable yard, to foal, by herself; and it was next to impossible that the colt could have been brought into the yard by any other means than by the mare which foaled the mule. It was known last spring, that soon after the mare was served by the jack, that a two-year-old colt of my son's got to and served the same mare; and as a further proof that this colt was the fruit of this act of coition, the colt was of the same colour, and marked with the same manner as the supposed sire.

JONATHAN BILDERBACK.

Teste: THO. EMORY, ROBT. C. JOHNSON.

Salem, June 10, 1837.

I hereby certify that Jonathan Bilderback is a respectable farmer in my neighbourhood, and that I believe him to be fully entitled to credit as a man of veracity.

ROB'T G. JOHNSON.

WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

Mr. Editor, BALTIMORE, June 20, 1837.

With my friend and school-mate, (of years gone by,) W. B. S. I left town on the 16th inst. for Black Oak swamp, for the purpose of woodcock shooting, arrived on the ground between eight and nine o'clock, left off hunting at one o'clock, with thirty-seven woodcock—a pretty good half day's work, to be done within fourteen miles of the city, where we have such a number of gunners who destroy these fine birds in great numbers in their setting months of March and April, a time that the true sportsman would as soon think of committing larceny as to shoot or disturb them. There was a written agreement entered into the latter part of last winter, not to commence shooting woodcock before the 10th of June, yet I am credibly informed that some of those who signed the agreement began to destroy the young birds early in May. Of such I would say they are destitute of the combination of faculties neccessary to make true sportsmen, and I would as soon attempt to humanize a wolf by a moral maxim as to get such men to stand by a moral obligation. In a former communication I remarked that my friend S. had suffered the rust to grow on him, from too close an application to business, and too long an absence from the field, and predicted that after a few more visits there he would again feel the ferment of a sportsman's blood within his veins, which prediction has come to pass much to my pleasure and satisfaction. For in partaking of a day's shooting, in addition to well broke dogs, an agreeable companion, or in other words, the company of a good sportsman is always desirable; and I have often wondered how our gentlemen here instead of occassionlly partaking of the sports of the field, can reconcile it to themselves, for the sake of accumulating a few more dollars and cents, to be confined so closely to their counting rooms and offices, where the air has lost so much of its vital principles as not to be fully able to decarbonize their blood, or excite their nervous and muscular systems. And such recluses send into the world a sickly offspring, the very rudiments of whose existence is tainted with disease. For a man in moderate circumstances to say that he cannot spare a day occassionally, for the purposes of relaxation from business, he might as well tell me he could not take time to die. J. Am. Turf Register.

A PARIS OMNIBUS ON A WET DAY.

Imagine the pelting pityless shower tumbling in torrents,—figure to yourself the dreadful diluvian state of the streets,—the rushing of many waters in the kennels—the big liquid drops falling, not dripping down, in plumpers, "not few nor far between," on the head-gear of the peregrinators of the Paris tiny trottoirs. Conceive this distressing, splashing, drenching, visitation in the month of May, and, "of all the day's that's in the week," on that day which comes between the Saturday and Monday. On such a day as this—in such untoward weather—was seen toddling along, or rather rolling along, the Rue St. Honore, like a porpoise in the channel, a respectable citizen linen-draper and elector, hight Monsieur Maurice Mousseline, bearing an enormous gray paper bag, and with his attention distracted between his, alas! no longer lily-white pantaloons, and in anxious quest of a vacant place in one of those modern arks called an Omnibus. At length the well-known object destined for his own quarter drove in view. A single place was vacant; the wooden convenience stopped, and Monsieur Mousseline mounted.

"Place on the right!" cries the conducteur.

"Pardon, messieurs; pardon, Mesdames," said the new face, with the bag of paper gray; "but the fact is, it is such confounded weather, that——"

"Take care, then, sir," interrupted a fair dame, with a fawn-colored gown of hitherto spotless silk, "see, you are spoiling my dress."

"Mind what you're about!" exclaimed a rotundall bluff gemman on the left, "you are soaking my redingote."

"Pardon, monsieur, it is the fault of the weather, I can assure you; you see how it's pouring down, and do but look, madam, at the state of my costume, from high to low. No one more deeply deplores, than the humble individual who has now the honor of addressing you, the cause and the effect of my presence on this here painful (*rainful* he should have said) occasion, but believe me that, but for this vile rain, I should, at present, be absent from this respectable society. Conducteur," episoded the orator, "be kind enough to beg these here gentlemen and ladies to make me a little place."

"Allons, shove up a bit there on the right," cried the Cerberus of the omnibus, "a little complaisance, if you please."

In another moment, Monsieur Maurice Mousseline popped down into his allotted place, the big drops streaming from his garments at all points by the action and re-action of the vehicle, &c.

"If monsieur would at least have the kindness to put his large bag of gray paper under the seat," resumed the gentle dame in the fawn-colored robe of silk, "if monsieur would just do that, he might compact himself closer together, and 'twould be more comfortable."

"Certainly, madam, certainly, immediately, directly, instantly—nothing can be more just; extremely sorry didn't think of that before—a thousand pardons—but really such scoundrelly weather on the 7th of May is enough to" &c.

The bag of gray being duly deposited under the bench, order was pretty tolerably restored among the omnibusians. Helas! "The course of order did not long run smooth," and thus it happened. A certain gentleman with an umbrella, and everything else in the world, resembling the celebrated Paul Pry, thought he saw something not native to the interior of an omnibus, skirmishing on the borders of the fawn-colored robe.

"Pardon, madam," said he, "if I presume to communicate to you the result of my researches for the last two minutes—but it seems to me that there seems to be something not altogether natural at the bottom of your gown. Pray don't be alarmed, but it is—yes, it is an—escargot!"

"Oh, mon Dieu! an escargot on my fawn-colored silk dress—quelle horreur!"

Chorus—Omnis, Omnibus—an escargot!! Let us see! Where is it? 'Tis true, indeed!—and a superb escargot it is—magnifique! Et pas chere. Is it a he-escargot, I wonder?

Oh! no; don't you perceive its horns?

Chorus—Omnis, Omnibus—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! good, capital calembour!

"Pardon, sir, but isn't there another 'scargot at the end of your boot?"

"Parbleu! 'tis true; but where the diable do these animals come from?"

A venerable naturalist looking gentleman—"They come out of their shells, sir. Natural history informs us that hunger drives the wolf out of the wood, and the rain causes the snail to come out of its shell."

"Certainly, in the open air, monsieur, but not in an omnibus. Hush! don't stir! see, there's another climbing up the umbrella of that monsieur there!"

"Come, that's too much of a good thing, enough. It goes beyond a joke. Somebody here must have clandestinely introduced escargots. Let a general search be made."

"'Tis not me, at any rate—Nor me!—Nor me!—Nor me!" re-echoed to the 14th fare inclusive. One voice alone remained mute; it was that of the last man who had entered the omnibus in such a pucker, and on whom all eyes were turned, as the suspected importer of the shelly little monster. The drapery of the seat was snatched up, and, amidst the general stupefaction, was seen issuing from numerous breaches made in the Brobdignag-bag of paper gray, myriads of self-emancipated escargots, escaping in every direction. Two hundred of those insect-slaves had simultaneously burst their fetters, and now breathed the pure unasphyxing air of liberty!

The scene that ensued exceeds our power of description. The two hundred invaded, *sans ceremonie,* every member of the society, without distinction of age or sex. Epithets not the most endearing, hailed on the head of M. Maurice Mousseline, who owned that he had bought them at that animal slave market la Halle, for his own eating—[a universal shudder.]

M. Mousseline here proceeds to collect his horned cattle in his hat; the fawn-colored lady wishes to descend, and to make her desire visible to the conducteur, rises and seizes the longitudinal conducting leather; a violent jolt of the omnibus causes her to lose her equilibrium, and she falls with her whole weight upon the luckless cargo of escargots in the hat, crushing both chapeau and snails in the common crush. The consequence was a quarrel and scuffle, and——. But we drop the veil, as the Juge de Paix has just sent the contending parties before a court of arbitration to wind up this "strange eventful history."

Galignani's Messager.

Fellow found dead drunk in the gutter—a little cold water brought him to—said he was like Goliah of Gath, slewed with a sling.

A MORNING AT "THE ELEPHANT."

BY NIMROD.

As every thing on the Road is now done and said in the quickest and shortest manner, "the Elephant" stands good for the Elephant and Castle inn, St. George's Fields, and it was thither I directed my steps one morning in May last for more purposes than one. The principal one, however, was, to satisfy myself not of the truth, but of the untruth of the assertion frequently made to me within the last two or three years, namely—that in the course of a few more years, when the prejudice in their favor was got rid of, such a thing as a bearing-rein would not be seen on a road coach horse. I never myself gave the smallest credit to this assertion, even in its most limited interpretation, and the experience of this day, which I devoted to coaching, fully bears me out in my scepticism. I begin with the Brighton coaches—indeed I notice scarcely any others in this place, considering them to be the most slap-up of any, and consequently more likely to be led into any innovation of, or fancied improvement in, the coaching art. The following came under my observation.

Without bearing-reins. The Vivid, up; I did not see the Vivid down. The Union, down. The Sovereign, down. A pair-of-horse coach, and the Diligence.

With bearing-reins. The Times, up and down. The Blue, a very neat coach. Brighton and Dorking Alert. Brighton and Lewes—very swell team. The Eastbourne and the Bognor. The New Dart, (Mrs. Nelson's) good team of greys. The Regent, four slapping bays. The Magnet, (Jack Willan's coach) up and down; four slapping bays. A pair-horse, Brighton. The Age, Sir Vincent Cotton's drag.

Now, how stands the balance on these Brighton coaches? Eleven with bearing-reins and five without. Amongst those going other roads, I scarcely saw one without them, and I particularly noticed two heavily laden Portsmouth coaches, the Royal Blue, down, and the double-bodied Accommodation, up, (a night coach) both which had bearing-reins. The coachman of the latter, and especially in his toggery—the broad-brimm'd hat, well-patched Benjamin, cloth knee-caps, &c.—very much reminded me of old times. But I cannot say much in praise of the appearance of the Brighton coachmen whom I saw this day, two or three of them very snobbish, and indeed all looking more like country shop-keepers than coachmen. The one most in character with his profession, out and out, was the Baronet.

But I must now move on, in search of the no-bearing system. I went to the Bull-and-mouth, and had a parley with one of the horse-keepers. "How many of your coaches," said I, "are worked without the bearing-rein?" "We have *no coach*," replied the man, "leaves this yard without the bearing-rein. Beg pardon, yes—the Birmingham *Currier* (Courier) does." "Bravo," said I to myself, "this just suits my book; and now for Jack Peer." At precisely seven o'clock I was at the White Horse, Fetter-lane, and as the clock was on the stroke, I could see Jack pointing his leaders for the turn, and with a beautiful sweep, and one "hi there!" to an old woman, on the pavement, he came, full trot, into the yard, with his capital drag, the Red Rover. After a hearty shake of his fist, and congratulating him on his neat turn-out, we exchanged a word or two—laconice, as usual—on the tackle.

Nimrod.—"What, stick to the bearing-rein, eh Jack?"

Peer.—"All for the bearing."

Nimrod.—"But how's this? none on the near wheeler."

Peer.—"A bad starter."

Nimrod.—"A good reason."

We now proceeded to the post-office, to see the mails start—sixteen in number, and a sight of which England is most justly proud. But the bearing-rein—*Why there was not one team without it.* So much for my London day's observation, the result of which I have given chapter and verse.

I must now hark back a little, for the purpose of reciting opinions practical and non-practical, on this not unimportant point; for surely nothing can be considered unimportant, which has relation to the safety of the limbs and lives of human beings. Previously to my start from Dover, by the Eagle coach, from the London inn, on my journey to London, the following conversation took place between a gentleman as well known in the fashionable world as he is for his splendid grey cabriolet horse, and a bit of dragsman as well; a proprietor of one of the inns at Dover, who talked a good deal about his hunter, his "fastest trotter in England," his judgment in horse flesh, &c. &c., but, unfortunately in person, the very beau ideal of a London greengrocer; and myself.

Scene.—The door of the Eagle coach office, with Eagle coach loading, and my great coat on the box seat.

The gentleman (an intimate friend of mine) opens the ball.

"Are you aware, Nimrod, that I was the first to do away with the crupper in gig-harness by substituting the patent breeching?—I see no reason why it (the patent breeching) should not be used on coach horses."

Nimrod.—"I was not; but I never used any but the patent breeching on a gig horse, since I first saw it used by others."

Innkeeper.—"For my part, if I had a hundred coach horses at work, none of them should have either a crupper or bearing-rein. A bearing-rein only pulls a horse down, especially down hills."

Nimrod. (to himself) "You ninny; if you had had hold of half as many bull-headed coach horses as I have had, and obliged to drive them at the rate of eleven miles in the hour, you would not talk such nonsense."

I am now however on the box of the Eagle, by the side of a workman in every sense of the word; a powerful man, in the prime of life; with fourteen years' experience of the Dover road, and perfectly devoid of affectation and nonsense. Being unknown to Newman, for that is his name, and pretending to be *Mr. Green*, I asked him why he had bearing reins on his wheel-horses, and none on his leaders?

"Why," replied he, "wheel horses, without bearing-reins, are apt to get the check of their bit fast in the pole-hook, and then an accident might happen."

"Then," I resumed, "you do not think bearing-reins bad things?"

"So far from that," he answered, "that not one horse in ten is fit to be driven without them. They keep the mouth alive," said he "owing to the pressure from the rein not being always on the same part, which it must be when it is only acted on by the coupling-rein."

"But," I observed, "they all tell me, they help to pull the horses down, in descending hills."

Newman smiled, and no doubt said to himself "You *are* Mr. Green." However, this point was soon settled, as a Cambridge man would say, *by demonstration;* for, on descending the first hill on the road, I thus addressed him in true spooney style:—

"Why, bless me, coachman, it is impossible bearing-reins can do any harm in going down hills, for I perceive those on your two horses next the coach, are quite slack, at this time."

He may be said to have "*smiled* assent," and here the conversation on this subject dropped, but I saw no other team, save one, in his hands, which had not all bearing-reins.

But one word as to the patent breeching, and the disuse of the crupper on coach horses. Newman's off side wheeler was given to what is called "hanging off" in his work, as well as inclined to drag at his pole-chain when about to be pulled up; and being a round-backed horse as well, his pad could scarcely be kept in its proper place, with a crupper; *but where would it have been without it?* I will, however, give a cool and dispassionate opinion respecting the bearing-rein and the crupper. The latter may be dispensed with, in leaders; but a coach horse looks naked and unsightly without it. But even with leaders—it is occasionally necessary with a bull-headed horse which, to be safe, *must* be driven in a bearing-rein; as, without it, the pad is not capable of producing sufficient resistance to him, by the bearing *straps* of it alone. It may also be dispensed with on very flat roads, with wheel-horses very steady on their work, but the same and additional objections prevail against its disuse here. As to the universal disuse of the bearing-rein with English coach-horses, *it can never take place;* it is a mere piece of coxcombical nonsense, and a desire for notoriety in the first place, that induces coachmen to put it aside; and the charge against the use of it, *of cruelty*, at once falls to the ground, because, in fast work, every horse's head, to make a team work together, must be as much restrained by the coupling-rein, as it would be, and is, by the bearing-rein. Its excellence consists, as Newman said of it, in keeping horses' mouths fresh, in the first place; in the second, in enabling a coachman to indulge a horse with liberty of rein without letting him be all abroad, which he would be, with his head quite loose; and in additional safety to a coach-horse, as proved by the fact, of either that, or the crupper, always giving way when he falls down. Nevertheless, I do not mean to deny that there are teams on which it may be dispensed with, and when that is the case, I also admit that they have an advantage in their working *against hills.* As for the comparison between the road and coach-horses of the Continent and our own, it is quite useless in this argument, although so forcibly set forth to the advantage of the *no-bearing-rein system* by the author of the Bubbles from the Brunnens; still it is a curious fact, that in the French Estafette mails, which are timed at ten miles in the hour, the bearing-rein is generally adopted. But let any one examine the knees of the French diligence and post-horses, which are allowed perfect liberty of head, and he will be convinced that the *disuse* of the bearing-rein does not keep *them* upon their legs. It was only last summer that I counted ten broken-kneed diligence-horses in eleven, that were standing in the streets of Boulogne, and I called a respectable English resident to attest the fact, and whose name I give below.[*]

But to return for a moment to Newman, with whose performance I was much pleased. I asked him how many times he had been upset from the accident of an axle-tree breaking. He appeared exactly prepared to enumerate them, but told me that, in December last, one broke with him (the fore axle-tree) at the bottom of Shooter's-hill, and that, had it not been for a false lamp-iron, which supported the coach from off his legs, he should have had them smashed to pieces, as they were completely under the coach. How long, may I ask will coachmen and passengers be subject to this danger, of which I have so often proposed a simple preventive? Then again, will all I have written on the danger of coachmen not buckling the ends of their reins—another piece of nonsensical affectation—still go disregarded? During my visit to "the Elephant," I met with one of the fraternity, whom I knew when he was on the great western road, and he told me of a dreadful accident arising from this cause, to the driver of one of the Exeter coaches, about two months before. His name is Ward, one of the sons of a man of that name, who was for many years on the Exeter subscription coach, and the following was the cause of it. He dropped one of his leader's reins, which, from not being buckled at their ends, he of course could not recover, the consequence of which was, the coach running off the road, by which he was thrown from his box; the wheels passing over his hips, *and fracturing both hip bones!* He can walk, with crutches, and can lie in bed; but it is believed he will never again be able to put himself in a sitting position. I have been foreman of a jury in England, more than once, but I hope I may never be placed in such a situation, when damages are sought for, by a coach passenger, for an injury sustained from this cause, for I should bear in mind an award that was lately made in the French courts, to a merchant whose leg was fractured, *owing to "an accident which might have been prevented by merely common precaution."* It was to the amount of 25,000 francs, or one thousand pounds sterling!

Speaking of coachmen, I saw one at the Elephant, who really deserves to be called one. It was the well known Bob Poynter, an artist of the first rank, and I was sorry to see him on an omnibus. But I asked no questions as to what brought him to the pair-horse whip. And I have another word or two to say of my visit to this busy scene. Those persons who believe that human nature is progressive, feel pleasure in comparing present with past times, and I am gratified at being able to say, I found evident improvement in the conduct, the language, and the general deportment of the entire class of persons assembled at the Elephant, and it must be admitted that improvement was much wanted. In fact, during the several hours that I passed there, at different periods of the day, I only heard one expression to remind me of former ill manners, and that made me laugh. "Hold your blasted noise, you will give me *the horrors* in five minutes," exclaimed a fellow in a rough great coat, in the pocket of which both his hands were stuck, and with the real gin-drinking complexion—a true specimen, in short, of the London coach-cad—to a man who was carrying something in his basket. Then I was here once again reminded of former coaching days, by my old western-road acquaintance. "Times ar'nt now as they used to be, for coachmen, when I first knew you, sir," said he—pointing to a man whom I had seen walking backwards and forwards, all the morning, before the Elephant doors—"Do you know what that man is here for?" "I take him to be a police officer," was my answer. "No such thing," said my friend; "he is paid three pounds a week to watch the *short-pockets*," i. e. to prevent shouldering passengers.—"Ah," said I "people are wide awake in these fast times, and they had need to be so, if they mean to keep clear of the gazette."

The last Brighton coach, down, was the Age, which the Baronet brought to the door in first-rate style; and had there been room outside, it was my intention to have gone a stage or two with him, but he was, as I hope he (as well as all others, who do the thing respectably,) will always be, full in and out. I was greatly pleased with the drag—which was low and strong—and particularly so, with the wheels, which had the *mail-coach boxes and screws*, making assurance doubly sure, in one respect. "I have not got my best team to-day," said Sir Vincent to me, as I shook him by the hand, and wished him luck; but there was no fault to be found with them, nor indeed could I find one, anywhere, unless it were, that the collar on the roan horse, off-side leader, was full two inches too short for him. I have a strong aversion to short collars; they are not fair towards horses in their work, and I have no hesitation in saying, that this horse would have choked in his collar, and dropped, before he got to the top of Nettlebed hill, on the Oxford road, or any other such hill, with the load he had this day behind him, had there been twenty or thirty yards of newly-laid gravel to pull through. A horse draws by his shoulders and not by his neck and throat, and the points of bearing should be attended to.

But the flash drag of the present day, is, I find, the Windsor *Taglioni*, patrician, inside and out. This is all very well for a lark, and will, perhaps, see the year out; but there is something very cockneyish, as well as very un-English, in the name. I will, however, now give you something that is quite English, and the best English that I have ever yet seen, touching the road. It is a song by a St. John's man, Cambridge, on the London and Birmingham Tantivy coach, to the tune of "Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen."

"Here's to the old ones of four-in-hand fame,
Harrison, Peyton, and Warde, sir;
Here's to the fast ones that after them came,
Ford, and the Lancashire Lord,[*] sir,
(*Chorus.*) Let the steam-pot
Hiss till it's hot,
Give me the speed of the Tantivy trot.

Here's to the team all harnessed to start,
Brilliant in brass and in leather;
Here's to the wagoners skilled in the art,
Coupling the cattle together.
Let the steam-pot, &c.

Here's to the dear little damsels within,
Here's to the swells on the top, sir;
Here's to the music in three feet of tin,[†]
And here's to the tapering crop,[‡] sir,
Let the steam-pot, &c.

Here's to the shape that is shown the near side,
Here's to the blood on the off, sir;
Limbs with no check to their freedom of stride,
Wind without whistle, or cough, sir,
Let the steam-pot, &c.

Here's to the arm that can hold 'em when gone,
Still to gallop inclined, sir,
Heads, in the front, with no bearing-reins on,
Tails, with no cruppers behind, sir.
Let the steam-pot, &c.

Here's to the dragsmen I've dragged into song,
Salisbury, Mountain, and Co., sir;
Here's to the Cracknell,[§] who cracks them along,
They are men who can ne'er be called slow, sir.
Let the steam-pot, &c.

Here's to Mac Adam, the Mac of all-Macs;
Here's to the road we ne'er tire on;
Let me but roll on the granite he cracks,
Ride he who likes it, *on iron.*
Let the steam-pot,
Hiss till it's hot,
Give me the speed of the Tantivy trot."

I now once more take my leave of the Road, wishing it well from the bottom of my heart, and also wishing that the "steam-pot" had been confined to ships and manufactories. And after all, whence the desire for this Dædalus-like speed, in conveying passengers, parcels, and letters, from one town to another? It originates, I fear, in that thirst for gain which is committing such havoc on character and circumstances at the present day, to the enriching of tens at the expense of thousands. But this is irrelevant to my present subject, and likewise to my object, which has been, in all I have said on the road and its operations, to render them safer, and more agreeable than I found them, as well as to point out dangers which still exist, although the cause for them may not be at once removed.—A *coachman*, I pretend not to call myself; I should not make one were I to live a hundred years longer than the age of man; neither do I think there are fifty to be found at this time in Great Britain, who would be strictly entitled to that appellation. All I can say of myself is, that experience on the coach-box has made me *safe;* and having been always careful, I was always so far safe as never to have had what could be called an accident, to the injury of either horse or passenger, whilst driving a public coach, which it is well known I have been too much given to, both by night and by day. That is an art, and a "pretty *hart*," as Chester Billy used to say, all persons must allow, and as in matters not strictly logical, the exception to the rule is admitted in proof of it, the difficulty of excelling in this art shows it to be one beyond mere manual power, and I might add, dexterity. The *organ* hand, is called into action at every stride which four horses take, when harnessed together in draught, associating and co-operating with that of sight. It is the intimate connection of these senses which make the coachman perfect in his art, and I once illustrated the fact, by an expression I heard from the lips of that most elegant coachman—that first of artists in his way—the late Jack Moody, when on the Exeter mail. After exhausting the last resources of his art, in attempting to make his horses work together, and and to please him, he gave them full liberty of rein, saying, "Now then, my lads, *divide the work amongst you*, for I'll be tormented by you no longer.

London (New) Sporting Mag., July 5, 1837. NIMROD.

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[*] Mr. Greenfield, who keeps a small hotel.

[*] Viscount Molyneux, eldest son of the Earl of Sefton, of great coaching celebrity.

[†] The guard's horn.

[‡] The whip.

[§] Coachman on the Tantivy.

Nosological Discovery.—Here is glorious news to all parents whose children are possessed of noses! We always thought that the nose was meant for higher purposes than mere sneezing, and now the secret is out. So says an Eastern paper:—"Important to Nurses.—We have been much amused by beholding one of the readiest modes of silencing squalling children we remember to have either heard or read of. So deliberate a piece of knowledge is worthy of being universally known, and we therefore give it publicity. Take the child in its cross fits, and press your finger gently and often across the cartilage of the nose, and in less than a minute it will be asleep."

A CHAPTER ON "FELLOWS."

BY THE LATE WILLIAM PITT SCARGILL.

There is a sort of fellow called a *Good Fellow*. This word "good" is a great, large, big, bouncing adjective, but marvellously elastic withal, and fitting itself to many substantives of various, and even of opposite qualities. Grammarians, who are the only people in the world that know nothing of grammar, say that the use of words is to express our ideas; whereas all the world knows that the real use of words is to conceal our ideas. In like manner, these silly grammarians say that the adjective is used to express or to show the quality of the substantive; whereas, in truth, the substantive is used to express the quality of the adjective; for what, in the name of common sense, is the meaning of the word "good" as it stands by itself? But, clap a substantive to it, and you have a solution at once; thus, for instance, in the case of a good fellow, the word "fellow" shows you the meaning of the word "good."

There is a great difference between a good fellow and a clever fellow: a clever fellow is far from being a good fellow, he is rather a good-for-nothing fellow. A clever fellow is always bustling about, like a parched pea on a shovel; but a good fellow is as quiet as a mouse, and as easy as an old shoe.

A clever fellow has all his eyes about him, but a good fellow never has his eyes above three-quarters open. He takes the world as he finds it, and thinks it on the whole a pretty sort of thing, and never meditates pulling it to pieces to make it go better, as babies do watches. A clever fellow will be sure to contradict you, whatever you say; a good fellow will be sure to agree with you, whatever you say. A good fellow is a kind of tame bear, clumsy, but tractable; you may lead him anywhere, and persuade him to anything. He will tell you good stories if you like to listen to him, and if you do not, he will listen to your bad ones. He will laugh at your jokes and pity your griefs. He will eat at any table and drink at any tavern. He will chirp over his glass, and praise the nastiest wine that was ever bottled. He will never be the first to break up a party, but will set beyond midnight, kindly oblivious of his wife and children. A good fellow is quite in his glory, and at the very perfection of his goodness, when he is half drunk or half asleep. If you have wit you may make him your butt; and if you have not you may play off your stupidity upon him, and he will take it for wit. He must care for nobody, but be at everybody's service. He bears no resentments, and is obliging to all the world, except his own family, of whose existence he seems hardly aware. His mind, like his body, seems to have acquired a habit of sitting quietly down and confining itself to a place. He is a man who looks as though he had forgotten yesterday and had no thought for to-morrow. He is a complete nose of wax, to be twisted or squeezed into any shape. He has no mental or moral characteristics whatever—he is not a good man or a bad man, but he is a good fellow; he has neither wit nor wisdom, but he is a good fellow; he has done nothing that any one can recollect—he has filled no heart with gratitude, and no tongue with his praise, but he is a good fellow. If he falls into trouble (which he is pretty sure to do, for he takes no pains to keep out of it), his friends pity him, it is true; but they have a very queer way of pitying him—they laugh at him with tears in their eyes. They will not give him a sixpence, but they will say he was a good fellow.

Now, hereby we are brought to the acquaintance of another species of fellow—to wit, the *Poor Fellow*—another, and yet not another. A worn-out good fellow makes a poor fellow, and so does a done-up clever fellow. A poor fellow is a kind of waste butt for superfluous pity, and the dregs of sympathy; compassion is not kindly administered, but carelessly thrown at him. His name is mentioned at tables where once he sat gaily and gloriously; and there starts up at the sound of it a vision of a threadbare coat of a doubtful color, of a napless hat with a crown that flaps up and down in the wind, and with a flabby brim that will never flap up again—a vision of leaky shoes, of greasy trowsers, of lantern jaws and long grey hair; and the guests say, "Poor fellow"—then they drink their wine to drown the thought of him—thus laying the ghost in a red sea. A poor fellow is like a drone in autumn—there is something passing melancholy in the slowness of his gait, and there is in its form and aspect that which tells of a by-gone summer—of an evanescent brightness—a temporary flutter and gaiety; but cold winds are come, and heavy clouds hang their damp drapery in a gloomy sky, and the poor shivering drone is creeping to as warm a death as it can find. The pity with which men look upon a poor fellow is as different from the compassion with which they regard a poor man, as the praise which they bestow on a good fellow differs from the respect with which they treat a good man. There is something painful in the familiarity of pity, and the pertness of a half humorous sympathy. Even the truly generous feel some repugnance in administering to a poor fellow which they do not feel in relieving a poor man. A poor fellow reminds you of gay days; and there is a thought, not to be surmounted, that some moral obliquities have assisted to form the downward slope into the valley of adversity; while the poor fellow himself feels more deeply than all the contrast of the present with the past—he knows that the past will never be present again, therefore he wishes the present to be past as soon as possible. Poor fellow!—drop the curtain—drop the curtain.

The London Sportsman for Aug

ANTELOPE AND TIGER SHOOTING.

I was sitting at breakfast one morning with my friend Billy. Billy is a bit of a sportsman in his way; he takes in the Maga, *of course*, rejoices in a Purdy, and weareth breeches and gaiters. Billy has performed wonderful feats in his day, to believe his own accounts, and is fond of narrating them. For instance (Billy *loquitur*):—"I was shoving along one morning with my friend Purdy, when I spied a herd of antelope grazing quietly in a field a short way off, and determined to have a shot at them. The plain was as flat as the table, and to circumvent them I was obliged to creep along on my belly through the wet grass until I got within shot. But here I was in a hobble, for that beggar Ramdoss had not put any balls in my pouch; so what do you think I did? I dropped my small iron ramrod—you know my ramrod—into the right barrel, and blazed away. By Jove, Sir, it went through two of them as clean as a whistle, and pegged into the sand on the other side so deep that I had a 'bildar' digging away for nearly half an hour before he could find it! Here are their skins!" And sure enough there were two antelope hides with five balls in them. Again: "I was out shooting one day at ——poor, and was scrambling through a dense jungle, when I heard a devil of a splutter on one side of me, and turning round, by Jove, Sir, there was an elephant bearing down like mad. I up'd with my gun and fired; the shot took effect behind his ear, and down he came with a thud which was heard a mile off. Now, what do you think I had in the gun?"

"Oh, why I should have said a five pounder, only it's not usual to take one out a shooting; it must have been the ramrod."

"No, guess again."

"I give it up."

"Why, then, you must know it was snipe shot!"

"Snipe shot! Oh, oh, I suppose it *balled* him."

"Exactly."

But to my tale. Just after breakfast a buzz was heard in the compound, and in rushed Ramdoss, my friend's factotum, a fat little Brahmin, open-mouthed and eyed.

"Hey, now, what's the matter?"

Ramdoss could only reply,—"A tiger! a tiger!"

"A tiger, fiddlestick! where?"

Ramdoss, as soon as he had recovered his wind, explained. A tiger had made his appearance at a village three coss off, to the no small astonishment of the inhabitants, had killed a bullock, and taken up his quarters in a bagh, where he then was. As no tiger had been seen in that part of the country for at least twenty years, there was some difficulty in digesting Ramdoss's tale, but it was confirmed immediately afterwards, and Billy determined to beat him up, and I could not help accompanying him; so off we set, our arms being Billy's Purdy, and the *ramrod* by my particular desire, my old double-barrelled, and an odd pistol, which latter article Billy protested against stoutly. I confess, after we had got half way, I began to feel a kind of sensation in my epigastric region, not unlike what a man would feel on being told that his next door neighbor had died of the cholera, and I insinuated my doubts as to the "advisableness" of going about it on foot; but Billy was bold as a lion, and would not give in.

On arriving at the village, we found it in a state of commotion, as it well might be, the bagh not being more than 400 yards distant. Cattle were pelting into it from all quarters; the old men were assembled in the chowpal, shaking their heads very wisely; and the young ones were pouring powder into their matchlocks in handsful, and ramming down by way of charge everything in the shape of iron they could lay hands on. Here then we held our consultation, and it was determined at last nem. con.—1st, that Billy should occupy a tree about ten paces in front of the entrance to the bagh; 2dly, that I should mount one at the corner of it; and thirdly, that the matchlock heroes might station themselves wherever they pleased, provided they kept off with their matchlocks at a respectful distance, so as to secure us from the effects of their explosion.

The bagh, I should tell you, was a small one, fenced round with an impervious bamboo-hedge of considerable height, with only one entrance, by which the tiger had got in, and whence he must perforce come out, if he came out at all. In front there were some scattered trees, and a few acres of grass of a good height; but with this exception, there was no jungle anywhere in the vicinity, so that the beast had shewn some generalship in the selection.

We made a valiant start, and on arriving at the ground, took our quarters as agreed on. I mounted my tree with a heavy heart, and Billy his with an alacrity and skill in climbing which put me in mind of Mathews' song—

Opossum up a gum tree
Up he go, up he go.

Here then we were, and silly enough we looked, for we had forgotten one essential—how we were to get the tiger out of the bagh, since it was not likely he would come for calling. This, after another conference, which Billy was obliged to descend again to preside at, was settled as follows:—the bagh being full of high grass, and the wind favorable, it was determined to set it on fire, when out he must come, unless he preferred a grilling. This was done in no time: the grass burnt fiercely, Billy and I settled ourselves in readiness with our guns to our shoulders, and expectation reigned.

The pause was a short one. A growl, which put me vividly in mind of Wombwell's menagerie, burst out close to my corner, and a moment afterwards the tiger bounded through the entrance, and turning sharp round, came at a swinging pace point blank towards my tree, without allowing Billy a shot at him. Firmly believing I was going to be converted into tiger's meat, I had just time to ejaculate, "Lord have mercy on my poor wife and family!" and forgetting my arm and gun, and everything else, attempted to scramble higher up. In the attempt I lost my gun, which fell to the ground. The concussion discharged both barrels, and their contents passed within a few feet of my station in the tree. The report, however, turned the tiger, who moved off towards Billy's tree. I had observed Billy a few minutes before, and he appeared a little fidgetty then, but now he looked as blue as a cake of his best indigo. The matchlock heroes had absconded from their post in double quick time at the first growl, and I could see them bolting like mad across the plain—only two, my poor fat friend Ramdoss, and another with an old flint and steel ramrod, amongst the trees at the end of the grass. Just at the moment of Billy's indecision, the latter discharged his pop-gun without effect, and the tiger, not fancying the joke, ran into him in an instant, and floored him with one pat of his paw. Now came Ramdoss's turn. I was in an agony of excitement and apprehension. Holding by the bough, I screamed out, "Fly, fly for your life!" Alas! Ramdoss could not run, far less could he fly; he could only toddle, and the tiger was now within a few yards of him. Whether from sheer funk or apprehension I know not, but after a few steps he fell flat with his face to the ground with the fattest part of his person exposed to the teeth of the tiger. If he chose to have a steak now was the time, but luckily for Ramdoss, he had breakfasted already, and the fugitives raising a shout at the same moment, I was inexpressibly relieved by seeing Ramdoss get up and scuttle across the plain, and the tiger creeping back towards the bagh. "Now's your time, Billy, now for the ramrod!" and Billy let fly very valiantly, and doubled the beast with a shot clean through the body, touching the back bone; and a second, duly administered on his attempt to recover himself, finished him. Billy loaded again, and put two more balls into him before I could venture to descend. We met near the tiger, and in the first rapture of my joy at my deliverance I hugged him with an almost fraternal embrace. "Joy to you, Billy! I give you credit, infinite credit for your exploit, and I'll now believe, upon my honor I will, the elephant and ramrod stories, yes, and (greatly affected) everything else you tell me as long as you live." Bengal Sporting Mag.

AN ATTEMPT TO PREVENT THE THREATENED
DETERIORATION OF ENGLISH HORSES.

My anxiety to see my country maintain the excellence of her breed of horses tempts me to call the attention of your readers to the evil consequences likely to result from the present system of light weights and short distances, now adopted at nearly all our races, and to endeavor to point out a course by which these evils may be in some degree mitigated.

The deteriorating influence of the present system of racing is twofold: it not only directly and absolutely tends to lessen the stoutness and weight-carrying capability of the English blood horse, and through him of all others; but it affords the breeder no test by which he can form an opinion of the relative degrees in which the stallions of the day possess these invaluable qualities; all that he can now ascertain is their speed at three or four years old, with 8 st. 7 lb. on their backs; and what can be a greater fallacy than to take this as a criterion of what would have been their capabilities, when arrived at maturity, of carrying 12 st. over the B. C., and consequently of their value as progenitors of really useful horses?

If the race horse is to be considered as a mere machine to win or lose money by, it matters little, I admit, whether he can run more than a mile, or carry more than 8 st. 7 lb. or not; but surely there are many who breed horses with higher views than this, and many in whom the truly English pride of having the best horse in the country is not yet extinct! To such, and to all who value and appreciate a good horse, I address myself, and call upon them to join heart and hand in the endeavor to uphold the strength and stoutness of the British blood horse; and as a means of doing this, I would propose that all who feel disposed to aid in this good work should immediately form themselves into a committee, for the purpose of raising a fund for the establishment of a Grand National Stake, to be called

THE VICTORIA SWEEPSTAKES,

to be run alternately at Newmarket and in the North, or if sufficient funds could be raised, at both places every year; the distance four miles; weight 12 st.; the time to be fixed by the Jockey Club. The value of the stake should be at least £1000, with 5*l*. each entrance, to be given to the second horse.

I have mentioned this subject to several sportsmen, and feel confident that if forty or fifty people in different parts of the country would set to work in earnest, they could with ease collect from 20 to 50 sovs. each; and surely, in these days of "*Voluntary Principle*," the Sportsmen of England will not be distanced by the rest of the world in exertion to promote the interest of their fellow men!

To make a start, I would, Sir, with your permission, propose that every one who will render assistance in this undertaking should send his name and address to you, and that when the number received shall amount to forty, an announcement of the fact, with the addresses of the parties, should appear in your valuable work, and we could then enter into further arrangements. I hope your excellent correspondent Craven, and other sportsmen, will give the subject their consideration, and if they approve of the idea, will lend their assistance towards improving and carrying it into effect. Snaffle.

[Of the value of our Correspondent's suggestion there can be but one opinion; and unfortunately, among sportsmen, but one opinion also of its impracticability. The entire of the King's Plates for years back shew that distances and heavy weights operate as exclusions in those cases: and all the great aged races at Newmarket, Goodwood, and in fact all over England, being Handicaps, go to prove the same: "'tis true 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true."]

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Aug., 1837.

THE AUTHOR OF THE PLEASURES OF HOPE, MRS. SIDDONS, &c.

I am induced, for the gratification of those of congenial tastes, to record the impression made upon me by the distinguished author of the Pleasures of Hope, whom I had the pleasure of seeing in society when he paid a visit lately to his native country. The poet of "Nelson and the North" is a man rather under the middle size, and now, I believe, towards sixty years of age. His person is rather full and rounded, though far from being corpulent; and his attire on this occasion was in no respect distinguished from that usually worn by gentlemen at and after dinner, except that a black silk neckerchief, over which the shirt-collar was turned down, was fastened loosely round the neck, and passing over the shirt breast in front, was fastened by a large gold pin. The countenance—the index of the man's diviner part—cannot be so easily described. I have not yet seen a good likeness of Mr. Campbell. His countenance, though not plump or chubby, is small and rounded, and the complexion pale, or rather colorless. His forehead is in just proportion to the face—open and well expanded, yet not remarkably high or broad. The whole expansion of the countenance is mild, sensitive, and benevolent.

Mr. Campbell's conversation was full of anecdote, the more pleasing because it related generally to personages of note and celebrity, in whose society much of his own time had been passed. Of his brilliant and intimate friends, the immortal Sarah Siddons, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, in particular, he narrated many anecdotes, and seemed to entertain for their memory the deepest and most reverential affection. Yet his stories were, in general, of a light and playful cast, and such as might contribute best to the pleasure and entertainment of the company in which he was placed. One anecdote regarding Mrs. Siddons may amuse the readers, and I select it merely because it may be new. Most incidents of her honorable career are well known. Everybody has heard the story, whether true or false, of Mrs. Siddons having frightened a poor merchant, from whom she was purchasing a piece of printed cotton, by her sepulchral and Lady Macbeth-like enunciation of the words, "Will it wash?" On being asked respecting the truth of this story, Mr. Campbell said that certainly Mrs. Siddons's manners were very dignified, (unconsciously so, and from theatrical habit, he conceived,) though no one was more affable or more beloved in private society. Distance of manner, Mr. Campbell believed, she purposely assumed, or found it necessary to assume, when engaged in her professional career, towards the host of inferior personages with whom she was compelled to mingle for a time in all the familiarities of the stage, and whom she had no desire to know beyond its precincts. This was, it may be supposed, peculiarly the case when she was travelling through the provincial towns, "starring," as it is called. Partly from this cause, and partly from respect for her pre-eminent talents, her temporary companions on the stage in some of the little towns, even before she reached her zenith, felt an absolute awe of her, and labored under the most ludicrous constraint in her presence. Once, when Mrs. Siddons was playing in the town of Tamworth, she and the company with which she had for a few nights associated herself were seated in what they called their green-room, during some interval of the business. All was silence in the room. Towering in lofty superiority, sat Mrs. Siddons at one end of the apartment, unconscious apparently, in her stately abstraction, of the existence of any one near her. At the other end of the room, at as great a distance from her as they could creep to, sat the rest of the performers, huddled together, and awed by the presence of the majestic star into a profound silence, which they were so far from venturing to break by addressing *her*, that they did not even attempt to speak or whisper to each other. One of the performers, however, was not present; but in the midst of this state of things he, the Coriolanus of the night, a tight dapper little fellow, burst into the room. Whether he was naturally more brave than his mates, or whether a portion of the spirit of the noble Roman had entered into him, it is impossible to say; but certain it is that the mimic Coriolanus broke the awful hush of the Tamworth green-room, by rushing up to Mrs. Siddons, and exclaiming in a tone of high excitement, "Madam!"

Roused from her lofty meditations, the incomparable Sarah looked majestically on her addresser, and pronounced the syllabic "Sir!"

"Madam!" again cried, or rather shrieked, Coriolanus, in a tone expressive of the utmost contempt for the thing spoken of, while at the same time it appealed pathetically to the sympathy of the party spoken to, "Madam! would you believe it!—there is not an *inch of thick tripe* to be got this night in all Tamworth!" Considering time, place, and persons, the *bathos* was superb.

An old *naïve* Scottish song chancing to be said or sung, in which an elderly spinster expresses her perfect willingness to alter her condition, and of which this is the last verse—

> Now, lads, an there's ony amang ye
> Wad like just upon me to ca',
> Ye'll find me no ill to be courted,
> For shyness I hae put awa.
> And if ye should want a bit wifie,
> Ye'll ken to what quarter to draw,
> And e'en should we no mak a bargain,
> We'll aye get a kissie or twa—

Mr. Campbell laughingly observed, that the last sentiment was not without its parallel out of the world of song. He had heard a lady of distinguished beauty and rank defend Sir Thomas Lawrence from the charge of having been culpable in paying attentions to ladies without intending to follow them up by an offer of his hand. To this lady a gentleman had remarked that he thought in this, one of the few errors that could be laid to his charge, Sir Thomas was highly blameable. "No," replied the lady, who was said to have been herself the temporary object of the great painter's attentions; "no, not exactly—not so much to blame," said the lady musingly. "What!" exclaimed the gentleman, "you astonish me; not to blame for such conduct!" "No, not so much," was still the lady's musing response. "Can you really, madam," said the gentleman again, "defend such behavior as desertion——" "Why, Sir," interrupted the lady, "to confess the truth, I am firmly of opinion, that the majority of women would rather be *courted and jilted* than *not courted at all!*"

The following whimsical Parody on Barry Cornwall's Popular Song, is copied from "Fraser's Magazine":—

A PARODY.—THE SEA.

> The sea! the sea! Oh me! oh me!
> The pail—be quick! I quail—I'm sick—
> I'm sick as I can be:
> I cannot sit, I cannot stand;
> I prithee, steward, lend a hand,
> To my cabin I'll go—to my berth will I hie,
> And like a cradled infant lie.
> I'm on the sea—I'm on the sea!
> I am were I would never be;
> With the smoke above, and the steam below,
> And sickness whereso'er I go:
> If a storm should come, no matter, I wot;
> To the bottom I'd go as soon as not.
>
> I love, oh! how I love to ride
> In a neat post-chaise, with a couple of bays,
> And a pretty girl by my side:
> But, oh! to swing amidst fire and foam,
> And be steamed like a mealed potato at home:
> And to feel that no soul cares more for your woe
> Than the paddles that clatter as onward they go.
> The ocean's wave I ne'er moved o'er,
> But I loved my donkey more and more,
> And homeward flew to her bony back,
> Like a truant boy, or a madman's sack;
> And a mother she was, and is to me;
> For I was—an ass—to go to sea!
>
> The fields were green, and blue the morn,
> And still as a mouse the little house
> Where I—where I was born;
> And my father whistled, my mother smiled,
> While my donkey bray'd in accents mild:
> Nor ever was heard such an outcry of joy
> As welcomed to life the beautiful boy!
> I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,
> With my peaceful donkey and termagant wife;
> With a spur for the one, and a whip for the other,
> Yet ne'er have wish'd to change with another:
> And a proverb of old will apply well to me—
> "Who is born to be hang'd, will not die on the sea!"

LONDON POLICE.

Begging-Letter Impostors.—At Marlborough-street on Monday, a man and a woman, passing as husband and wife, were charged by the officers of the Mendicity Society with being two of the most incorrigible begging-letter impostors.

Horsford, a mendicity constable, said, on Friday last he saw the prisoners in Grosvenor-street conversing together, and while watching them he noticed that the man tore up a letter which the woman handed to him, and threw the pieces on the pavement. The woman shortly afterwards went to the residence of Lord Sandon and left something. As soon as the prisoners had walked away, Horsford picked up the pieces of paper, and on putting them together ascertained that they formed a begging petition. On calling at Lord Sandon's, the footman informed him that the woman had left a begging petition, purporting to come from a distressed seaman of the royal navy, soliciting relief from his Lordship. Horsford proceeded to the lodgings of the prisoners in Bird-street, Lambeth, and found them living there as man and wife, by the name of Wright. On searching the apartment, a great number of documents, certificates, and other papers concocted for the purpose of authenticating fraudulent representations, were found.

From the representations made to the bench it appeared that the male prisoner was one of the most daring and ingenious of the fraternity. He has by turns used the names of a large number of respectable naval officers, attaching them to applications for pecuniary assistance to individuals holding high rank in the navy, and his success in this line appears to have been most remarkable. From a journal taken from his person, when apprehended on a former occasion, it was discovered that, within the short space of eleven months he had obtained by his frauds upwards of 350*l*. At various times, and under various names, he had contrived to obtain from Admiral Curzon, in sums of 1*l*. and 2*l*. upwards of 41*l*. From Admiral Durham, under the impudent representation that he was Lieutenant Spratt, and had fallen into destitution, 50*l*. From the Marquis of Bute 20*l*., representing himself to be Captain Giddy, and the same nobleman was about to send a second cheque for 30*l*., when the fraud was fortunately discovered. To give some idea of the systematic manner in which he carried on his operations, and their extent, an extract from his journal of the success, or otherwise, of two days only, is here presented:—

"Feb. 6.—Marquis of Bristol, Derry—Mary Cole (the name to the begging letter), blind, seven children, three cripples. Result—no go.

"Feb. 6.—Ad. Curzon. Ship Pallas. Sam Bowden, mate. Seized 1*l*. 4s. Paralytic stroke. No. 10 Charles-street, 2*l*.

"Feb. 6.—Ad. Curzon. Ship Douglas. Powder Monkey and Bill Stroud. Cripples, and two stone blind, 2*l*. Stick him every week.

"Feb. 6.—Sir Phil. Durham. Lieutenant Spratt, leg off, hard up. (Written in large letters in red ink across the memorandum.) A trump. 20*l*.

"Feb. 6.—Lord Skelmersdale. Bob Pitts, powder monkey, 10s.

"Feb. 6.—Countess of Mansfield. Widow, nine children, whooping cough, cholera morbus, measles. No go; try another tack.

"Lord Melbourne. Jane Simpson; father blind, mother dead, no money to bury her. Referred to mendicity.

"Feb. 7.—Countess Mansfield. Daughter supporting mother and grandmother by needlework, lost use of both hands; seized 6*l*. 10s. Suck 3*l*.

"Feb. 7.—Sir P. Durham. Lieut. Spratt, 10*l*. Bravo.

"Feb. 7.—Earl Fitzwilliam. 4*l*. 4s., goods seized, no bed, wife just lying in, 2*l*.

"Feb. 7.—Marquis Bristol. Jack Bundy, to bury father. Result 10s."

When the Mendicity Society officers acquainted the benevolent individuals who had been thus imposed upon of the fraud which had been practised, it was difficult to convince a number that such was the fact, for the parties declared they could have no doubt that the writer of the letters was the person there represented, as facts and circumstances were stated which could have only been known to those belonging to the particular ship's company. This was explained by detailing the manner in which the information was acquired. The prisoner used to go down to Greenwich, enter into conversation with some of the old tars, and by means of a glass of grog, draw from the unsuspecting seamen the history of their adventures, with the names of the ships and of the officers who commanded them at the time they were in service. The particulars thus acquired were speedily embodied in a petition to those naval commanders who possessed a knowledge of the presumed writer.

It was proved that the prisoners had been convicted before for similar offences, and that the very same day on which the man was released from prison he had commenced his shameful impositions.

Both prisoners were sent for three months each to the House of Correction.

Contemporary says the Union is composed of *single* States. Not exactly, one of the sisters is married—*Mrs. Sippi.*

BATTLE OF THE BEAR AND THE ALLIGATOR.

On a scorching day in the middle of June, 1830, whilst I was seated under a venerable live oak, on the ever green banks of the Teche, waiting for the fish to bite, I was startled by the roarings of some animal in the cane brake a short distance below me, apparently getting ready for action. These notes of preparation were quickly succeeded by the sound of feet, trampling down the cane, and scattering the shells. As soon as I recovered from my surprise, I resolved to take a view of what I supposed to be two prairie bulls, mixing impetuously in battle, an occurrence so common in this country and season, when, as Thomson says,

> —— "Through all his lusty veins,
> The bull, deep scorched, the urging poison feels."

When I reached the scene of action, how great was my astonishment, instead of bulls, to behold a large black bear reared upon his hind legs, with his fore-paws raised aloft, as if to make a plunge. His face was besmeared with white foam, sprinkled with red, which, dropping from his mouth, rolled down his shaggy breast. Frantic from the smarting of his wounds, he stood gnashing his teeth, and growling at the enemy. A few paces in the rear was the cane brake from which he had issued. On a bank of snow-white shells, spotted with blood, in battle array, stood Bruin's foe, in shape of an alligator, 15 feet long! He looked as if he had just been dipped in the Teche, and had emerged like Achilles from the Styx, with an invulnerable coat of mail. He was standing on tiptoe, his back curved upwards, and his tongueless mouth thrown open, displayed in his wide jaws two large tusks and rows of teeth. His tail, six feet long, raised from the ground, was constantly waving, like a boxer's arm, to gather force; his big eyes starting from his head, glared upon Bruin, whilst sometimes uttering hissing cries, then roaring like a bull. The combatants were a few paces apart when I stole upon them, the "first round" being over. They remained in the attitude described for about a minute, swelling themselves as large as possible, but marking the slightest motions with attention and great caution, as if each felt confident that he had met his match. During this pause I was concealed behind a tree, watching their manœuvres in silence. I could scarcely believe my eye-sight. What, thought I, can these two beasts have to fight about? Some readers may doubt the tale on this account, but if it had been a bull-fight no one would have doubted it, because every one knows what they are fighting for. The same reasoning will not always apply to a man fight. Men frequently fight when they are sober for no purpose except to ascertain which is the better man. We must then believe that beasts will do the same, unless we admit that the instinct of beasts is superior to the boasted reason of man. Whether they did fight upon the present occasion without cause I cannot say, as I was not present when the affray began. A bear and a ram have been known to fight, and so did the bear and the alligator, whilst I prudently kept in the back ground, preserving the strictest neutrality betwixt the belligerents. And now, if the reader is satisfied that such a battle as this might have taken place in the absence of any known cause, I will go on and tell what I saw of it as a witness.

Bruin, though evidently baffled, had a firm look, which showed he had not lost confidence in himself. If the difficulty of the undertaking had once deceived him, he was preparing to resume it. Accordingly, letting himself down upon all fours, he ran furiously at the alligator. The alligator was ready for him, and throwing his head and body partly round to avoid the onset, met Bruin half way with a blow of his tail, which rolled him on the shells. Old Bruin was not to be put off by one hint—three times in rapid succession he rushed at the alligator, and was as often repulsed in the same manner, being knocked back by each blow just far enough to give the alligator time to recover the swing of his tail before he returned. The tail of the alligator sounded like a flail against the coat of hair on Bruin's head and shoulders, but he bore it without flinching, still pushing on to close quarters with his scaly foe. He made his fourth charge with a degree of dexterity which those who have never seen this clumsy animal exercising would suppose him incapabld of. This time he got so close to the alligator before his tail struck him, that the blow came with half its usual effect. The alligator was upset by the charge, and before he could recover his feet, Bruin grasped him round the body below the fore legs, and holding him down on his back, seized one of his legs in his mouth. The alligator was now in a desperate situation, notwithstanding his coat of mail, which is softer on his belly than his back; from which

> "The darted steel with idle shivers fly."

As a Kentuckian would say, "he was getting up fast." Here, if I dared to speak, and had supposed he could understand English, I should have uttered the encouraging exhortation of the poet:—

> "Now, gallant knight, now hold thy own,
> No maiden's arms are round thee thrown."

The alligator attempted in vain to bite; pressed down as he was, he could not open his mouth, the upper jaw of which only moves, and his neck was so stiff he could not turn his head short round. The amphibious beast fetched a scream in despair, but being a warrior "by flood and by field," he was not yet entirely overcome. Writhing his tail in agony, he happened to strike it against a small tree that stood next the bank; aided by this purchase, he made a convulsive flounder, which precipitated himself and bruin, locked together, into the river. The bank from which they fell was four feet high, and the water below seven feet deep. The tranquil stream received the combatants with a splash, then closed over them in silence. A volley of ascending bubbles announced their arrival at the bottom, when the battle ended. Presently bruin rose again, scrambled up the bank, cast a hasty glance at the river, and made off, dripping, to the cane brake. I never saw the alligator afterwards to know him: no doubt he escaped in the water, which he certainly would not have done, had he remained a few minutes longer on land. Bruin was forced by nature to let go his grip under water to save his own life; I therefore think he is entitled to the credit of the victory; besides, by implied consent, the parties were bound to finish the fight on land, where it began, and so bruin understood it.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE THAMES.

Strange Paternoster-row.—We believe that almost every body has heard of Pierce Egan, the historian of the prize-ring, in days when gentlemen patronized pugilism as a bold and manly sport; when Byron and Moore sung its praises. Perhaps no man has shown more versatility of talent than Mr. Egan. The author of some pleasant farces, and of many humorous songs, and withal an attractive comedian, few men have seen more of life than Pierce, and fewer still have looked upon its varieties with such a discerning eye. He is not a polished writer—but his style is peculiarly rich, and he abounds with anecdote. In age he retains all the spirit and vivacity of youth, and is the same bustling, laughing, clever fellow with whom we first shook hands some fourteen years ago on the renowned turf of Moulsey-hurst. In the work now before us, which is published in monthly numbers, with characteristic illustrations, Mr. Egan describes the voyage, travels, peregrinations and opinions of certain laughter-loving pilgrims up and down the Thames and about its richly-peopled banks. The work is worthy of public patronage. It contains descriptions—always enlivened by appropriate anecdotes—of innumerable public buildings and remarkable localities; and it has also numerous original tales and sketches, besides biographies of curious characters. We extract a short anecdote which, it is stated, never before appeared in print:—

GARRICK'S EYES.

Garrick and Sir Joshua Reynolds, were in a large party, at the house of a gentleman in Westminster: and being all assembled in the drawing room, previous to dinner, the daughter of the host, quite a child, came bounding into the room, unconscious of any person being present, but immediately stopped short, finding herself amongst several gentlemen, entirely strangers to her: several of the company endeavored to coax her forward, but she hesitated for some time, looking about her, and surveying the whole of the group. After a minute or two had elapsed, she ran to Garrick, who had a waistcoat on of a shot silk of bright colors. Sir Joshua, in a playful mood, observed—"Ah! Miss, I see what made you prefer that gentlemen, his pretty silk waistcoat attracted your attention." The child immediately answered—"No, indeed, it was not *that*." Sir Joshua still persisted that it was the silk waistcoat, and said, "if it was not that, what made you run to him first?" "It was his his EYES," answered the child with seeming rapture. The company were highly amused to see Garrick immediately afterwards seize the child in his arms, and almost smother her with caresses. The child in question, is now the mother of a family, and resident in the Metropolis. The gentleman's name was Astle: and the family was well known for its respectability both in India and London.

Lord Mansfield and his Coachman.

The following is an anecdote of the late Lord Mansfield, which his Lordship himself told from the bench:

He had turned off his coachman for certain acts of peculation, not uncommon in this class of persons. The fellow begged his Lordship to give him a character.

"What kind of a character can I give you?" says his Lordship.

"Oh, my Lord, any character your Lordship pleases to give me I shall most thankfully receive."

His Lordship accordingly sat down and wrote as follows:—

"The bearer, John ——, has served me three years in the capacity of coachman. He is an able driver and a very sober man. I discharged him because he cheated me. (Signed) Mansfield."

John thanked his Lordship, and went off. A few mornings afterwards, when his Lordship was going through his lobby to step into his coach for Westminster Hall, a man, in a very handsome livery, made him a low bow. To his surprise he recognized his late coachman.

"Why, John," says his Lordship, "you seem to have got an excellent place; how could you manage this with the character I gave you?"

"Oh, my Lord," says John, "it was an exceeding good character; my new master, on reading it, said he observed your Lordship recommended me as an able driver and a sober man. These (says he) are just the qualities I want in a coachman; I observe his Lordship adds that he discharged you because you cheated him. Hark you, sirrah, I'm a Yorkshireman, and I'll defy you to cheat me."

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1837.

THE RACES NEXT WEEK.

On Tuesday next commences the First Fall meeting of the New-York Jockey Club, on the Union Course, Long Island. We shall have no stables south of New Jersey, but anticipate much sport nevertheless. The race for the Three and Four mile purses will be uncommonly attractive, while that for the Two mile purse will not be slow. *Mingo*, *Fanny Wyatt*, and *Post Boy*, go for the purse of $1000, Four mile heats, and probably two or three more. We should not be surprised if *Gipsey*, *Reindeer* and *Milo*, were also entered. *Bergen* was hurt last Monday in a brush with *Langford*, and will not start during the meeting probably. There will doubtless be a large field on the Three mile day, if the owners of the various good ones will screw up their courage to enter for the purse of $500, rather than make sure (in their opinion) of the $300 for Two mile heats. We hope to see *Cadmus* (or *Tarquin*—they are both in the same stable with *Gipsey*, and but one can start for either purse) *African*, *Langford*, *Ajax*, *Manalopan*, *Henry Moore*, *Merrygold*, and two or three more start for the $500 purse, Three mile heats. The race Two mile heats, will be worth seeing; there are several promising things from New Jersey that will start for it, and more than one "dark" horse from the stables on the Island, which, by the bye, are in great force. The purse of $100 each day, for Mile heats, will be sure to bring a large field of untried ones, as well as some of the "quarter nags" of all ages. Many is the "singed cat" in training for "enough to pay expences," and we anticipate no little fun from "the little purses offered to make sport."—The race, last Spring, Mile heats, wherein four horses ran a dead heat, was not exceeded in interest by any race during the meeting, and we shall not be surprised if such a circumstance occurs during the ensuing meeting.

There are at least *Sixty Horses* in training for these races, and from the number of strangers in town, we make no doubt they will be well attended. The "cracks of the North," *Mingo* and *Fanny Wyatt*, are in tiptop condition, and if they alone start, we are certain of "*fun* enough for one day."

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

Maj. ALLEN J. DAVIE, of North Carolina, has been purchasing "a string" in England that may be expected immediately at some Southern port. We have seen a list, but as it is not quite complete, we defer exhibiting the cuteness of the Major in his selections just now.

It was a great oversight in those interested (if done through inadvertence) to have fixed so early a date as the 18th of Oct. for the public sale of the *Hampton Court Stud*, as it deprives many American Turfmen and Breeders of an opportunity of sending commissions for purchases. Had the sale taken place a month or two later, we make no doubt at least half of the Royal Stud would have immediately found its way to this country. By the death of the lamented Sir MARK WOOD, however, another favorable opportunity presents itself for an investment, as Sir Mark's stud has for many years been considered one of the finest in England. His whole stock comes into market this Fall, and the next packet will probably bring us an advertisement of the sale. Two such mares as *Camarine* and *Lucetta* are not to be had in the kingdom for love or money. We should not be surprised, after all, if a few choice lots from the Royal Stud found their way here. There are several spirited Americans abroad, who will attend the sale, and we should be willing to take long odds that *The Colonel*, for one, was knocked down to one of them. Besides, Mr. Tattersall is well aware who are his best customers, and also of the immense and increasing interest felt throughout the Union upon the subject of Blood Stock, and we have reason to believe a number of the finest things will be bought in by him, with a view of their coming here in the end. He is doubtless aware, too, that the Brood mares, especially will meet a ready sale here, and as the time of sale renders it impossible for many Americans to send their orders in season, he will be very likely to purchase largely, in anticipation of the wishes of his customers on this side the Atlantic.

It will be seen from CONKLIN's advertisement, that there is to be great sport offered on the Centreville Trotting Course next week. The match between *Awful* and *Screw-Driver* will be a sporting affair.

Mr. FRIEND's bill of fare at the *Camden and Philadelphia Races*, will be found on the last page. He has got his hotel in fine order, and every exertion will no doubt be made to give satisfaction. We shall refer to this matter again.

The Secretary of the Oakland Association, at Louisville, Ky., gives notice that in consequence of the number of horses in training, the trustees of the Oakland company have determined to add three hundred dollars to the purses advertised, to be divided as follows:—

Four Mile race,	Purse	$600;	added	$120	makes	$720
Three	„	400;	„	90	„	490
Two	„	200;	„	40	„	240
Best 3 in 5,	„	150;	„	95	„	175
One Mile race,	„	100;	„	15	„	115
Colt race,	„	50;	„	10	„	60
		$1500		$300		$1800

The sums hereby added, say $800, to be given as divided above to the second best horse in the respective races.

Matches at Natchez.—Four matches were to come off over the Pharsalia Course, at Natchez, Miss., on the 2d inst., (will some one send a report?) as follows:—

1st—Mile heats, for $200. W. J. Minor runs his b. f. (imp.) *Orleana*, by Bustard, three years old. A. L. Bingaman runs his s. f. by Bertrand, three years old.

2d—Half mile Race. Wm. J. Minor runs his s. f., three years old, by Longwaist. F. L. Claiborne runs his b. m. *Eliza Jones*, five years old, by Mercury.

3d—Wm. J. Minor and P. L. Claiborne run the same two nags in fifteen minutes after the half-mile race, one mile out, for $200.

4th—One thousand yards, between Col. O. Claiborne and Mr. Cobler. Col. Claiborne run his g. g. *Van Buren*; A. Cobler run his b. h. *Lequipe*, for $1000.

Virginia Fall Races.—Half a dozen reports should have reached us ere this of the races in the Old Dominion last week. Beside the Lawrenceville, the odds and ends annexed, are all that we had received on Thursday night:—

Liberty (Va.) *Races.*—These races commenced on the 12th inst. The first day's purse, 2 mile heats, was won by Mr. Philip's *Bolus*, four years old, by Lance, in two heats, beating W. A. Goode's *Martha Archy*, and two others.—Time, 4—3:57. The Jockey Club Purse of $300, Three mile heats, was won by Major Harvey's gr. h. *Arthur Taylor*, in two heats, beating Mr. Phillip's *Livingston*, and distancing two others. Time 5:53—5:55.

Jefferson (Va.) *Jockey Club.*—The regular Fall meetings of the above Club commenced on Friday last, 24th inst.

First Day.—A Colt's race, a single dash of a mile, five entries, was won by Mr. William Crow's br. c. *Astrologer*, by Star.

Second Day.—A Sweepstakes for three year olds, Mile heats, $150 entrance, was taken by Mr. Boyce's b. f. *Desdemona*, by Apparition.

Same Day.—Jockey Club Purse of $400, was won by M. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, in three heats.

Rifle Shooting at Nashville.—Mr. JOHN M. FRANCIS (be particular to send a report), gives notice that on Thursday, the 19th October, being the 2nd day of the Jockey Club Fall Races, there will be a poney purse shot for, at the race field, $10 entrance; distance 60 yards with a rest, or 40 yards off hand, measuring from the centre of the ball, fair notch and bead sight. All wishing to enter, must do so by 12 o'clock on the day of the match.

The *Maury County* (Tenn.) *Fall Races*, commence on Wednesday the 18th October, and continue four days. Since the last Spring races, the rules of the Maury County Jockey Club have been carefully revised by a committe appointed by the Club, which rules, as they now stand, will embrace all that is necessary to give general satisfaction.

Montreal Fox Hounds.—The "Gazette" of the 18th inst., states that they commenced the season well, having had a clipping run on Tuesday last. They found the fox in the White Cottage cover, and ran him, with scarcely a check, to the vicinity of the Barns country, where he was killed. It was not a good scenting day, the weather being windy and the ground dry.

Glaucus.—Breeders in this country will regret to learn that this splendid English stallion is not coming to this country as was expected. Letters from foreign correspondents inform us that Mr. TATTERSALL will stand him next season at Dawley Farm. Capt. STOCKTON has just imported a superb yearling colt by Rowton, out of his dam, for which he gave $3500, and among Mr. BOARDMAN's imported Brood Mares there are two in foal to him.

ON DITS FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

Extracts from a Letter to the Editor from a South Carolina Turfman.

All the good ones in the State (S. C.) are galloping, and the prospect of the approaching campaign is fine. Mr. WALDEN has opened a training stable near Columbia; he has in hand over fifteen, and is doing a good business. He is a clever fellow, and deserves to do well.

Col. HAMPTON has eight—*Lath*, *Charlotte Russe*, *Kitty Heath*, *Milwaulkie*, and three Imp. 3 yr. olds.

Col. SINGLETON has up five—three of them are but 2 yr. olds, imported. I presume they will not be out this winter. *Medora*, and a 3 yr. old Luzborough make up his force. Medora will be low enough this winter—she is in good fix now for a long race.

Col. SPANN has four (and more expected)—*Convention*, 4 yrs. old, by Bertrand, a 3 yr. old colt by do., a 3 yr. old filly by Bertrand, jr., and one other.

Col. MOORE has a 4 yr. old by Bertrand, jr., out of the dam of Little Venus, a 3 yr. old (Yemen), and one or two more.

Mr. McRA has *Eclat*, and three Godolphin 3 yr. olds.

Mr. R. RICHARDSON has five—*Fair Ellen*, *Aunt Pontypool*, *Sweet Emma*, a 3 yr. old Bertrand, jr., and one other.

Mr. W. B. RICHARDSON has *Betsey Baxter* and two others.

Col. FLUD has three—*Sir Kennith*, *Rienzi*, and a 3 yr. old out of Betsy Baxter's dam.

Mr. SINKLER has two—a full sister to Rienzi, and a 3 yr. old Luzborough, out of Pelham's sister.

Capt. ROWE has *Leannah*, an Argyle colt, a Luzborough, a Godolphin, and a Rob Roy, all 3 year olds but Leannah.

Dr. GUIGNARD has *Clodhopper*—(he goes as a seven year old this year)—*Gabriella*, and one other. [Clodhopper is said to be by Bertrand, out of an Imp. Bedford mare.—*Editor.*]

Four or five are expected daily at Columbia, of Mr. O. P. HARE's stable, from Virginia, with WILLIS as trainer. Two or three other stables are also to be at Camden from the Old Dominion. There are many more horses in the Upper Districts that I know nothing of. Mr. SMITH and several others have stables.

Cannot we hear something of our *Georgia* friends? They have never been so backward in naming their force. I know they expect to do much this winter.

A SUBSCRIBER.

ON DITS FROM THE OLD DOMINION.

TREE HILL RACE COURSE, Sept. 25, 1837.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

DEAR SIR—The Broad Rock meeting commences to-morrow. There are five sweepstakes and a match, Two mile heats, for $1000 aside to come off, besides the purses. There are eighty horses now on the ground—more are expected.—Messrs. J. J. HARRISON, (Monsieur Tonson come again), Johnson, Townes, Kirby & Merritts, Heth, White, Goodwyn, Puckett, Minge, Claiborne, Botts, and Corbin, have each a string as fine as silk. The sport must be good: would you were with us.

The contest between the get of the imported stallions and that of the American, excites, as you know, a great deal of interest. The last Spring the foreigners had it all their own way. This Fall, as you will learn from the Lawrenceville races, the Americans have turned the tables on them: how it is to result, time will soon shew.

Much conversation has arisen because of a statement which appeared in your paper of the 12th of August, that "there is a 3 year old in Virginia, by Imp. *Fylde*, that in a trial since May last, ran 4 miles in 7:44, taking up his weights." This is an extraordinary performance for a horse of any age, but for a 3 year old, unprecedented. We cannot ascertain what colt it is. The turfites deny all knowledge of such a trial, and are exceedingly anxious that you should furnish a clue by which this phenomenon is to be known. We are incredulous, and believe you have been quizzed. Will you, in your next paper, inform who and where he is.

A TURFITE.

Reply.—We are not at liberty to flare up just now, but will as soon as we can get leave. Our information was not derived from the owner of the Fylde colt, but from a turfman who offered $5000 for it, and was refused! He is a "perfect clinker," and probably will not come out this Fall, except for a heavy sweepstakes or match.—*Editor.*

DEER HUNTING IN FLORIDA.

HICKSTOWN, (Florida) Sept. 1, 1837.

Mr. Editor—As your paper, "the Spirit," is always open to articles of sporting intelligence, (I mean for those worthy of its notice), I take this opportunity of sending you a hunt we had the other day in our city—remarkable only for one of the best shots I ever saw, or heard of having been made. My friend R., of Tallahassee, was on a visit to me, and was under promise to stay some three or four weeks, to enjoy his favorite pursuit of Deer Hunting. This was R's first visit to this part of the country, and he now "came a-purpose" for fun and frolic. He is a jovial fellow that R. His celebrity as a crack shot with the duelling pistol is proverbial; and as I had never seen him use that "murdering instrument," I longed to see him tried. In hunting for large game he uses altogether the pistol, so the next day after his arrival a large company of us met at Major L's for a drive. After we had all got together, the horn was sounded, and some ten or twelve fine looking hounds came charging up, ready for the chace. We started, and as good luck would have it, arrived at our hunting ground without losing a dog by running off after other deer. The ground pitched upon for the hunt was an Island of pine land, almost surrounded by thick hammock, and the deer, when roused by the dogs in the hammock, make directly for the pine land. It was agreed that Major L. should drive, and R. and myself were placed at the best stand—I with my double barrel, to bring down the deer should R. not kill it with his baby gun. We had not been at our post but a very little time before we heard the deep and musical voice of Rambler about a quarter of a mile distant. Listen: again does that glorious dog Rambler send forth his loud challenge, and now Symbol joins in with her shrill cry—and now old Troop, the victor of many hard fought fields—and now young Peril—and all. Heavens what a cry! Listen, R., they are coming towards us! prepare! I had not more than spoken before I saw the deer.—Look! I pointed my finger. On comes the noble stag bounding high over the small growth in gallant style, with the hounds, the enemies of his race, close at his heels. Prepare, R! I hear the sharp click of his pistol's lock—on, on, rushed the fearless buck into certain death;—he is now within forty yards of us, leaping beautifully over the bushes.—Fire, R.! I hear the crack of his unerring pistol. The smoke cleared away, and I looked for the deer—he is no longer to be seen. Where now is that gallant buck, who but a few hours ago roamed his native forest "a thing of life?"—yes, where now is that proud stag that I beheld a few moments ago charging up to us as though he seemed to spurn the base earth his hoofs so lightly touched? And sure enough, Pat, and didn't R. kilt it? As soon as R. shot, he turned round to me, and observed very coolly, that he had placed the ball through the deer's head. We walked up to the deer, and lo: it was as he had said—the ball had passed through the buck's head, killing it instantly. Think's I to myself, Nil arduum est mortalibus.

Now, Mr. Editor, if "*N. of Arkansas*," or "*Pete Whetstone*," can beat that, they are *perfect birds*. We have a natural curiosity in our neighborhood, and you can believe it or not, but it can be proved by a dozen gentlemen who are honor to the backbone. It is this: Col. W. had a little bitch about the size of the common terrier that had a litter of puppies some time since; she raised one of the puppies, and with it two or three kittens, and is now suckling a young fawn and with it a calf. It is quite amusing to see the four milk her: when the fawn gives *those hunches* it insults her very much.

One word in relation to Major D., and I am done:—he is the man after my own soul,

> "A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man."

hospitable to a fault, and true as steel to his friends.

M. OF FLORIDA.

LAWRENCEVILLE (Va.) FALL RACES.

An extra meeting commenced on the 14th inst., and the Secretary's report is subjoined. It is a little surprising that in the race for the Proprietor's purse, which was open to all, and for which *nine* started, neither the age nor weight should have been given.

THURSDAY, Sept. 14, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; Two mile heats; ent. $100, h. ft.

Daniel Dugger's br. f. by Sir Charles, dam Polly Peacham	1	1
Dr. Henry Lewis' b. c. *Dromgoole*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian	4	2
Wm. H. E. Merritt's Imp. filly by Longwaist	3	dis
Wm. Eaton's ch. c. *Engine*, by Sir Charles, dam by Washington	2	dr
Wm. McCargo's gr. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by William	5	dr

Time, 3:52—3:58.

FRIDAY, Sept. 15.—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs; One mile. Nine subs. at $100 each, h. ft.

M. T. Hawkin's ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Timoleon	1
George A. W. Newsom's br. f. by Sarpedon, dam by Marquis	2
Edmund Townes' ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke	3
Wm. Eaton's gr. f. by Andrew, dam by Oscar	4
Wm. H. E. Merritt's br. c. by Sarpedon, dam by Timoleon	5
Wm. B. Power's br. c. by Imp Luzborough, dam by Arab	6
Daniel Dugger's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam Polly Peacham	7
Henry Maclin's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam Peggy Madee	8

Time, 1:56.

A beautiful and well-contested race, all being close up at the finish. [The winner of this 2 yr. old stake is for sale at $3000; she is a beautiful creature, and of great promise. Application should be made to her owner, who is a member of Congress. During the recess, letters will reach him directed to Warrenton, N. C.]

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; 4 subs. at $100 each, h. ft.; One mile.

John D. Kirby's ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Archie	1
Wm. McCargo's b. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian	2
Henry Maclin's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam Jane Shore	3

Time, 1:51.

A very closely and well contested race, won by one foot only, and the quickest time ever made over this course.

SATURDAY, Sept. 16.—Proprietor's Purse $200, free for all ages; Two mile heats.

Wm. B. Power's ch. h. *Geneto*, by Eclipse, dam by Packingham	0	4	1
Harrison Heartwell's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam Multiflora	0	3	2
O. P. Hare's br. f. *Corsett*, by Sir Charles, dam by Remus	0	1	3
Wm. M. West's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam ——	5	5	4
Henry Maclin's ch. h. *Philip*, by Janus, dam by Trafalgar	3	2	dr
George Goodwyn's b. h. *Little Billy*, by Ephicles, dam by Florizel	1	6	dr
James J. Harrison's ch. h. by Mons. Tonson, dam ——	2	dis	
Edmund Townes' bl. m. *Black Bird*, by Arab, dam by Virginian	4	dr	
John D. Kirby's br. f. by Eclipse, dam by Director, lame at starting	dis		

A pretty and interesting race, Little Billy winning the 1st heat in fine style, and falling lame in the 2d. The 2d heat was won by Corsett, coming out a little lame; she started for the 3d, but was so lame after it, that her owner drew her. Philip let down in the 2d heat, and was consequently drawn. The purse was given to Mr. Power's horse after the 3d heat, Corsett being drawn, and the other two that started that heat ruled out.

A large number of Race horses were on the ground, though it was so early in the season, but few were in order to run. The course was in excellent order and well attended, and the company highly gratified with the racing.

P. J. TURNBULL, *Secretary.*

NORFOLK (Va.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Mr. P.,—Our Fall meeting is over, if meeting it can be called, when there were not enough present at the races to fill an 8 by 10 log "meeting house." Why the natives up country don't patronize our course is a matter of surprise. We offer them fair inducements to visit us, but it's "no go" with 'em, and we are strongly tempted to think that not having much confidence in their cattle, they are afraid to come. One thing is certain, if they will not come to us, we must go to them, and if the Proprietor of our course does pass the Rubicon, depend upon it he will *tan* anything that comes in his way.

Hoping soon to see you, I am, &c. F.

I annex a statement of the races, such as they were.

TUESDAY, Sept. 19, 1837.—A Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, for colts and fillies that never won a race. Ent. $150, ft. $100, to name and close the 5th Sept. Three or more to make a race.

No entries to the above—no race.

SAME DAY—*Second Race.*—A Stake for 2 year old colts and fillies, a single mile, for a Silver Cup; ent. $15; 2 or more to make a race.

No entries—no race; and a most splendid day of sport, wast't it? Couldn't be beat!

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 20.—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15. Two mile heats.

J. S. Garrison's (Dr. R. B. Starke's) b. h. *Stockton*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archie, 4 yrs. 100lbs.	2	1	1
E. J. Wilson's b. m. *Virginia Graves*, by Sir Charles, d. by Napoleon, 5 y. 107lbs.	1	2	dr

Time, 3:58—4:01.

THURSDAY, Sept. 21.—Jockey Club Purse $500, Three mile heats.

J. S. Garrison's b. c. *Scipio*, by Zinganee, dam Corinna, by Sir Archie, 3 yrs. 86lbs.	walked over.

Scipio having no competitors, put the $500 into his Boss's pocket "easy enough." He galloped alone in his glory!

FRIDAY, Sept. 22.—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. S. Garrison's b. c. *Scipio*, pedigree above, 3 yrs. 86lbs.	1	1	1
E. J. Wilson's s. m. *Eliza Ann*, by Jackson, dam by Lottery, 5 yrs. 109lbs.	2	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:55—1:56.

A very pretty race, though the colt could have done it quicker, and he was lame, too. He is a most beautiful animal, and if he recovers from his lameness this fall, you will hear of his doing wonders. His sire was *Zinganee*, by Sir Archie, out of the famous *Atalanta*, who some few years since won races, number unmentionable. His dam was *Corinna*, by Sir Archie. $6000 would not have bought him on Friday. Follow him up this Fall, and you will see that there is no mistake about him. Yours, &c. F.

Norfolk, Va., Sept. 23, 1837.

MR. GRANT'S EQUESTRIAN MATCH.

The *Philadelphia Gazette* states that the late riding feat of Mr. Grant is supposed to have been one of the most extraordinary on record. He rode two hundred and eighty-eight miles in twenty-four successive hours—suffering, of course, considerably, and being in need, near the close, of medical treatment. He has now, however, completely recovered; and will give to-night, as we perceive by a notice in the *Daily Focus* of this morning, an exhibition of horsemanship, with the use of the broad sword and lance exercise, at his riding school in Filbert near Thirteenth street.

We are sorry to learn, by *the Pennsylvanian*, that Mr. Grant has not been well remunerated for his equestrian enterprise. "Let us compare his feat," says a correspondent of that paper, "with that of the celebrated Obaldeston, who a few years ago, in England, rode 200 miles within ten hours. He was provided with 24 of the best race horses of the day. No expense was spared in providing for him such conveniences (nay, luxuries), as to ensure for him those comforts which were deemed indispensable to his success. Not so with John Grant. Almost friendless and alone, he undertook the Herculean task. No "high mettled" racer to aid him in the performance; cheerlessly, though manfully, he accomplished that which, under the same circumstances, no other man but himself would have attempted."

Upon this the *New York Commercial* asks, "But why should Mr. Grant be remunerated?—Nobody asked him to perform this toilsome, painful, and as it appears, hazardous feat; and we cannot see that it has done any good to the world at large, or even to the good city of Philadelphia. Because it was Mr. Grant's pleasure to undertake a very foolish thing, we cannot perceive the necessity or propriety of rewarding him when successful. We dare say the horses—the only parties actually interested in the matter besides himself—would have been much obliged to him for letting it alone.

☞ Mr. Osbaldeston's match came off at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, in the Fall of 1831. He completed the match of TWO HUNDRED MILES in *Eight Hours and Forty-two Minutes!* The first hundred miles was performed in *four hours and nineteen minutes and forty seconds.* We hear Mr Grant has undertaken to ride 200 miles in 24 successive hours—no very remarkable feat after all, except so far as he is personally concerned.—*Ed. Sp. of the Times.*

Novel Mode of Deer Hunting.—We this morning noticed a fine large Buck, in an enclosure at the Eagle Tavern, which was caught in Lake Michigan, near the Manitouwoc Islands, in a manner which must have been "a sin to Davy Crocket." He was discovered in the water, about seven miles from shore, by those on board the steamboat Pennsylvania, as she was passing, and five of the hands, taking a small boat, immediately gave chase. The pursuing party were provided with a slipping noose, which lasso like, they succeeded, after some manœuvring, in throwing over his antlers; but soon found they had caught a Tartar, as he was more than a match for the five oarsmen, and pulled ahead one way faster than they could get ahead the other. Finding it impossible to row back to the boat with him, they had to let out their line, and pull him in from on board the boat. He is supposed to have been chased into the lake by the wolves.

Captain Cotton, of the Pennsylvania, brought the stranger to this city, and presented him to mine host of the Eagle, who, to the sorrow of many epicures, intends keeping the same alive if possible. This, however, is doubted, as his exertions to escape, when on board the boat, have materially injured him.

Buffalo Advertiser.

Aquatic Register.

NEW YORK ANNUAL REGATTA.

The Third Annual Regatta of the N. Y. AMATEUR BOAT CLUB ASSOCIATION, took place on Monday last, and afforded the most brilliant aquatic display of the season. The whole extent of the Battery was lined with spectators, as was also the broad parapet and immense terrace of Castle Garden. An amphitheatre of seats extended from the entrance of the embankment round the outer wall of the Fort to the boat houses, which were filled by ladies and other guests of the Association. Not less than *Thirty-five Thousand* spectators graced this annual *fete*. In the expectant throng the ladies mingled in all the panoply of smiles and beauty, and even outnumbering the men. Their gay dresses formed the best relief to the usual monotonous and heavy aspect of a crowd of those "made of sterner stuff," and the busy hum of "their most sweet voices" as they discussed the rival models and laid their wagers on the boats of their sweethearts and brothers, imparted interest to the gay and enlivening scene. The whole extent of the bay appeared alive with every imaginable water craft. Nearly 200 row boats hovered about the Battery, while innumerable sail boats, of all kinds, and steamers, thronged with a dense mass of spectators, were careering about the harbor. The noble bay teeming with life and animation—the hundred beautiful vessels with gay streamers flying—bands of music playing in every direction, with thousands upon thousands of joyous spectators actuated by the same feeling of interest, exhibited a scene that is seldom seen, and cannot be adequately described.

The Judges, Capt. M. C. PERRY, U. S. Navy– M. C. PATTERSON, Esq., Alderman of the First Ward, and Capt. HENRY ROBINSON, of Newburgh, with a band of music, were aboard of a Pilot boat moored opposite Castle Garden, from which the start took place at half-past 3 o'clock, P.M. The stake boats covered with flags of all nations, were moored at their respective distances, in a line down the bay. Throughout the Regatta the course was left clear, the officers of the different vessels in the harbor having, in the most courteous manner, complied with the request of the Association to that effect.

FIRST RACE, (for *a Skiff*, 22 feet long, built by Seaman, of Jersey City), free for Skiffs and Keel Boats not belonging to the Association. Two pair of sculls. Distance, One mile down the bay and return.

The *Ripple*, of Communipaw, N. J.	1
The *Hornet*, of Whitehall, New York City	2
The *Two Brothers*, of Brooklyn, Long Island	3
The *Yankee Doodle*, of Whitehall, New York City	4

Time of the Ripple, 19:11.

Five started for the first prize, but the four above were the only ones placed, the other being distanced. The winning boat, the "Ripple," was rowed by Abraham Simmons and Cornelius Britton. The "Two Brothers" was the favorite 2 to 1 at starting, but shipping a heavy sea soon after, was easily beaten. One of the brothers Roberts only, pulled an oar. It is proper to remark that before she met with the accident referred to, the "Two Brothers" decidedly led the field.

ECOND RACE, open to Club Boats of the Association that never won a prize in any former Regatta, and their Guests. Prize, *a Boat*, 22 feet long, built by Crolius, and to the 2d boat in the race *a Silver Rudder Yoke*, with cords and tassels. Six oars. Distance, Two miles and a half down the bay, round three stake boats, and return.

Entries.	*Length.*	*Station.*	*Color of Signal.*	*Description of Boat.*
Gazelle	35	1	Black and White	Red—gilt stripe.
Naiad	31	2	Blue and White	Black—gilt stripe.
Cleopatra	33	3	Red and Blue	Black—star on bow.
Scylla, of Newburgh	38	4	Yellow and Black	Blue—gilt stripe.
Minerva	35	5	Black and Blue	Light red—gilt stripe.
Conover	38	6	White and Red	Black—white stripe.
Pearl	36	7	Red and Black	White.

The discharge of a cannon brought the boats into line, and upon a signal from the Judges, they got off together. The Pearl soon took the lead, the Conover second, and the Gazelle last. A "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," soon brought her up alongside of the Scylla, of Newburgh, who maintained with her a spirited contest of nearly two miles. The Gazelle reached the stake boat first, the Scylla 2d, and the Minerva 3d, the others being beaten off a long way. In coming home the Conover overhauled the Minerva, and was placed 3d at the finish, the Scylla 2d. The Gazelle increased the distance from her competitors at every stroke after passing the stake boat, and came home about 250 yards a-head. The placing and "*official* time" of each boat is annexed :—

The *Gazelle*	1	Time	33:41
The *Scylla*, of Newburgh	2	"	34:00
The *Conover*	3	"	34:20
The *Minerva*	4	"	34:35
The *Cleopatra*	5	"	36:00
The *Pearl*	dis	"	—
The *Naiad*	dr	"	—

The Naiad was to have taken part in the Regatta, but was prevented by the absence of two of her crew, which arose from a scandalous lack of courtesy on the part of their employer, who exhibited a most contemptible spirit upon the occasion. The Cleopatra and Pearl, as will be seen, were distanced; the crew of the latter rowed for the first time, a new boat, just completed for them by Montaignier, and so strong was the impression that they would cut out the work, that the Pearl, before the race, was the favorite against the field. At starting she took the lead, but soon after shipping a heavy sea, before she reached the stake boat her crew were compelled to cease rowing, and bail her out.

The *Crew* of the *Gazelle* was composed of Alfred Boyd, coxswain, W. Hinchman, F. Dunderdale, J. Stanley Milford, J. Burke, Henry Gammage, and B. Townsend—the youngest crew in the Association. Their boat was built by Crolius, and was the only one of his manufacture in the race. The "*track was heavy*"—that is, very rough, and each boat shipped considerable water. Better time has been made repeatedly by each, in their trials, when the water was smooth, and it should be stated that throughout the Regatta the *Wave* alone made her usual time.

The *Crew* of the *Scylla*, of Newburgh, left a strong impression of their skill upon the minds of all. Their *names* are unknown to us, but they will be endorsed in this market, and pass current among the Amateur Boat Clubs of this city as clever fellows of the right sort. We give them joy of their prize; it was manfully won, and in its enjoyment they have the best wishes of thousands of "the Yorkers."

THIRD RACE, for Club Boats of the Association and their Guests. Prize, *a Boat*, 22 feet long, built by Crolius, and *a Silver Rudder Yoke*, with cords and tassels, to the 2d boat in the race. Six oars. Distance, Five miles as before.

Entries.	*Length.*	*Station.*	*Color of Signal.*	*Description of Boat.*
Wave	36	1	White	Black—gilt stripe.
Corsair, of Newburgh	36	2	Red	Black
Gull	37	3	Yellow	Light blue—gilt stripe.
Ariel	35	4	Blue	Black—white stripe.
Halcyon	36	5	Black	Green—gilt stripe.

This race was the great feature of the Regatta, and immense sums were laid out about it, at 2 and 3 to 1 on the *Wave* against the field. There was a great deal of betting, too, between the Ariel and the Gull, the former being the most in demand. The Wave crew had a new boat built by Crolius, expressly for this occasion, and the practised use of their "lusty thews and sinews," caused it to skim the water like a sea-bird.

Everything being right and tight, and nobody overboard, the signal was given, and the set-too commenced. The first ten strokes of the Wave cleared her of the melee, and gave her the lead, which she steadily maintained from first to last, winning by more than a quarter of a mile with ease. Between the Ariel and the Gull, however, the contest was more desperate. Side by side they rowed nearly two miles, with the most determined energy, but the Gull having the inside passed the stake boat first. The Ariel soon regained her place, and another struggle ensued, when she finally passed and came in 2d, winning the second prize, the Corsair and Halcyon being beaten off an immense way. The time and placing is subjoined :—

The *Wave*	1	Time	29:20
The *Ariel*	2	"	31:00
The *Gull*	3	"	31:15
The *Corsair*, of Newburgh	4	"	31:58
The *Halcyon*	5	"	32:17

The *Crew* of the *Wave* have so long maintained their supremacy in our waters, that they would be favorites in a race were they afloat in a clam boat; they change, or rather have changed their boat every year, each time improving upon the last. In their present fragile but beautiful craft, they would be backed for untold thousands against the world. By the Constitution of the Association, of which one of the Wave crew was founder, and long its respected President, no boat belonging to it can contend for money, or against any boat not governed by its by-laws, otherwise we should see "the conceit taken out" of some of our bantering friends about the country. The crew of "the all conquering *Wave*" is composed of Alexander Knight, coxswain, William Matthews, Gustavus A. Rollins, John T. Rollins, George B. Rollins, (ex. Pres. Asso.), Richard Rickards, and Abraham Knight.

The *Ariel* crew, which carried off the second prize, are rapidly improving, and can "set a mighty hard lesson" to "our neighbors over the way," or almost any where else, from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. It is made up of the following gentlemen:—J. C. Baldwin, coxswain, Charles Moran, J. Holmes, M. L. Baker, J. S. Fay, John Faure, and W. E. Stoutenburgh.

We need hardly remark that upon coming in, the winning boats were greeted with the most deafening cheers, while the different bands played appropriate airs. The day was delightful, though the breeze was fresh enough to create a heavy ground swell. Notwithstanding the immense number of people afloat, and the fact that they were "*continually*" falling overboard, nothing occurred to mar the festivities of the day, that will long be remembered by all present for the unbounded and grateful enjoyment of which it was the occasion.

Immediately subsequent to the races a most interesting scene was presented in the vast court of Castle Garden, namely, the presentation of the different prizes, which were respectively delivered to the successful competitors, by Captain PERRY, of the U. S. Navy, accompanied with pertinent and appropriate speeches, which were happily responded to by the coxswains of each winning boat.

The *Regatta* was not yet over. In the spacious saloon of the Garden, Mr. MARSH had a very elegant and tasteful collation spread out for the entertainment of the Association and their guests, to which a great number sat down. We were precluded by previous engagements from participating in the good feeling and general hilarity which prevailed, but understand that the song and the toast went gaily round—that His Honor the Mayor addressed the company in a speech, to which those made during the present session of Congress are "a mere circumstance"—that a deputation of the Schuylkill Amateur B. C. Association were present, and other distinguished guests, including the better half of the Honorable the Common Council of Gotham, with a sprinkling of the editorial fraternity and the grave and reverend Fathers of the City, to say nothing of the Officers of the Army and Navy—that a thousand and one good things were said and sung—that the collation was superb, and that the Association generally covered themselves with immortal honor by *rowing* up Salt Creek every early riser from the table. The assembly broke up at a late hour, alike pleased with one another, and perfectly convinced that if the Amateur Boat Club Association of New York is not invincible on the water, that when wit, wine, hospitality and genuine good feeling, is the play, they are regular out and outers!

THE REGATTA AT WILLIAMSBURGH.

Up to this day no report has been given of the Regatta at Williamsburgh, which took place on Monday, the 18th inst. Our account was mislaid, or it would have appeared last week. The Williamsburghers "think no small beer" of the affair, as it attracted an "everlasting sight" of people, and gave great satisfaction. There were three handsome Silver prizes offered—one for 6 oared boats, one for 4, and another for 2 oars.

First Race, for a Silver Pitcher; distance, Five miles; Six oars.

The *Lafitte*, of New York	1
The *Gondola*, " "	2
The *Kosciusko*, of Williamsburgh, lost an oar, and was	dis

Time of the Lafitte, 31 minutes.

This was a capital race, and won after a hard struggle; the Kosciusko, after going a short distance, in which she gradually lost way, lost an oar overboard, and a man, too, we believe, (he jumped after the oar) and retired from the contest.

Second Race, for two Silver Cake Baskets; distance, Five miles; Four oars.

The *Fairy*, of Brooklyn	1
The *American*, of New York	2
The *Red Rover*, of " "	dis

Time of the Fairy, 25 minutes.

In this race the Red Rover ran foul of the Fairy, and unshipped the oars on one side; she finally gave up the race, and at the finish was "no where." The Fairy won easily by 250 yards, though the American was manned by the brothers Roberts.

Third Race, for a Silver Cup; distance, Five miles; Two oars.

The *Yankee Doodle*, of Whitehall	1

Four others started, but were not placed.

BOAT SONG.

Written by HENRY COLEMAN, Esq., the Dramatist of "*Crichton*," and dedicated to the Philadelphia Amateur Boat Clubs.

Merrily o'er the Schuylkill waters,
Sylph-like, glides our fav'rite boat,
Whilst fair Columbia's daughters
Listen to our joyful note.
As we row, our spirits flow,
For we no care, or sorrow know.

Proudly now she stems the wave,
Bounding o'er the silvery tide,
Her joyous crew all dangers brave,
Their boat's their care—their hope—their pride.
As they row, &c.

The moon is beaming o'er the deep,
All's silent, save our merry song,
Which seems to hush the waves in sleep,
As glides our trim-built boat along.
As we row, our spirits flow,
For we no care or sorrow know.

MATCH, $1000 ASIDE—*The Washington*, of Poughkeepsie, vs. *The Disowned*, of Brooklyn.—The match between these "cracks" has for some time past excited considerable sensation among the votaries of aquatic sports, and large sums of money were laid out about it. The people of the River towns backed the Washington with great spirit, while the citizens of Brooklyn were equally "sweet" upon The Disowned. The Poughkeepsie boat, in the Newburgh Regatta, and in several matches on the river, had particularly distinguished itself, and would have taken part in the Association Regatta of Monday but for this match. The crew consisted of Joseph Pardy, John Reed, James H. Elton, Robert T. Garrison, Albert March, and William Flint—John Joyce, Coxswain. They proved themselves trumps, and no mistake, though beaten. The match came off on Tuesday afternoon: the start took place from the South Ferry, on the Brooklyn side. At the signal they got away together, the Washington leading by about three feet some thirty yards, when the Disowned shot a-head, and continued to gain on her opponent every stroke; they reached the stake boat about half-past three, and we should say the Brooklyn boat here was at least 150 yards a-head. The crew of the Washington appeared rather distressed, although they pulled most manfully; they were overmatched, however. The Brooklyn boat continued to gain, and came in 250 yards in advance, winning the purse easily. The time of the Disowned was 41 minutes and 28 seconds; of the Washington 42:31. The following persons composed the crew of the Disowned:—Harman White, David Webb, Mathew Cole, Wm. Seaman, Stephen Seaman, and Walter Dixon—Coxswain, Cornelius Cole.

The betting in the morning was in favor of the Washington, and much money changed hands. 10 to 8, and in some instances 20 to 15 was bet on the Poughkeepsie boat: later in the day the odds turned, and the Brooklyn tes came out strong with 100 to 50, which, after they started, went begging. The time was not very good, but as there was no occasion to come in *half a mile* in advance, the Brooklyn crew did not hurry themselves, which may account for it.

It may be recollected that the Poughkeepsie boat went round with the Wave at the Newburgh Regatta, and came out first. So elated were they with this seeming success, that, supposing they could not be beaten, a challenge was given, and mark the result. If the Wave crew had *let out* at Newburgh, the Washington would have been "no where;" but there was no occasion to go a-head of them—they had the first prize in hand, and would not risk the chance of fouling and thereby have given the *Gull* a *look* for the best prize.

An immense concourse were assembled to witness the match. The victors, as well as the Poughkeepsie Club, were greeted with prolonged cheers upon coming in. Among the thousand boats in attendance during the contest, was the victorious *Wave*, manned by *two* only of her crew, but they kept way with the race boats for half a mile.

Man in Vermont coming out with a learned horse—says he can talk—guess he will "let his conversation be *neigh, neigh*."

MATCH NEXT MONDAY, *The Fairy* vs. *The Brooklyn*, for $1000 a-side.—We are desired to state that this match will come off opposite Castle Garden on next Monday afternoon. The *Fairy* is to be manned by Messrs. Webb, White, Dixon, and Seaman, that composed part of the crew of the victorious *Disowned* on Tuesday—the *Brooklyn*, by the three brothers Roberts, and Jennings. Great sport is expected.

The *Washington* beaten, but not defeated.—We hear the Washington, of Poughkeepsie, have offered to renew their match with *The Disowned*, of Brooklyn, for *Five Thousand Dollars* a-side. There is an *on dit* in circulation, that the *Wave* will row with *four* oars against the *Washington's* six, for any prize whatever, provided the Association will adopt a special resolution to that effect.

The Regatta on the Passaic drew crowds to the river on Thursday—the banks and the bridge being lined with carriages and pedestrians, every eminence crowned with spectators, and the stream itself, covered with every variety of small craft, sporting about the common centre, made a spectacle of unusual gaiety and animation, on one of the finest afternoons of the season. Six clubs contended for the prize, five boats belonging to New-York, and one to Newark.—The race was well contested, the boats shooting ahead at the signal gun, as things of instinct. The distance, four miles, (out and in), was accomplished with great apparent ease, in 29 minutes—the first two miles being rowed in 13½.

The Echo (Newark Club) came in gallantly ahead, the foremost of the New-York competitors (the Lily) being a full length in her rear. She, of course, takes the well-earned goblet, and the second prize—a flag—was awarded to the Lily.

The Five Brothers of New York, was excluded on account of her length; but she led the way throughout the regatta.

To the Breeders of Long-winded Cattle in Virginia.

Will the breeders of the "blood-horse" near the metropolis of Va. be kind enough to explain to a fat-witted inquirer, a paradox in their system of economy, which he is too obtuse to solve himself. The querist wishes to know for what earthly object are they breeding from high, *enormously* high price stallions, when they refuse at the same time to contribute ten dollars semi-annually to the establishment of a *Jockey Club* in their midst, which would open a more convenient market for the sale of their blood nags? Is it not obvious that, if the Clubs are allowed to go down, there will be no inducement to racers to purchase horses for the turf? If breeders are liberal enough to give $150 for a season to a horse, does'nt it seem ridiculous to withold the small contributions required for the erection and support of a Jockey Club around them—when those contributions, besides opening a market for the sale of their cattle, would give them a chance for the Purses thus created by those added mites? This is the time, if ever there was one, for "a *general* pony," for we have better stock and are likely to have better runners than we have ever had in the State. We have the very *best* stallions around us that England can furnish, and as good mares as could be desired. The prospect, therefore, for good horses for the turf and saddle, as well as draught, is better than we have ever had. Look at the *Luzboroughs*; can you see 'em? are they in the air, or on the earth? Behold th *Fyldes*—are they *birds* or beasts? have they legs or wings? By my soul, believe some of 'em have both; for I see "feathers" on the former in many instances. How they *do* "streak it"—"pouring peas on a raw hide"—"beating the drum;" and "nail-factories, lumbering like a thunder frolic," give you but a faint idea of that *eternal*, incessant, "Jupiter-tonans," "Pollu-phlosboio"—(vide the Greek), sea-sounding, heaven-shaking, earth-quaking, wind-splitting, rattling of these Fyldes and Luzboroughs, when they sweep by you in a morning's "brush," or about sixty yards this side the Judges' stand! It's a thing that can't be learn't by telling—so come and see them at *Tree Hill* next week, and as we say at the game of "loo," "sweeten a little." Enable your proprietors to put up good purses, and you'll have good horses to contend for them. Come, don't be so stingy—"come down" to the "parchment," and perpetuate a name, that would, otherwise, *die* of its own *darkness*: yea! your "fac simile" is a nation's heritage! What! a member of a Jockey Club—every body knows him—by the "blue and silver badge" he wears—by his going in at the gate *free* and *taking* in (I don't mean *chisselling*) his friends—by his getting his dinner gratis—and getting *drunk* at it for "nuttin' at all." For all these valuable privileges, who wouldn't be A MEMBER?

HAMMOND'S LAST BANTER.

AUGUSTA (Ga) Sept. 18, 1837.

DEAR P.—In looking over the last number of your valuable "Spirit," I see my friend "*Zoloe*" is again bantering on *Big John*, and seems to think very strange of my inviting him out to Augusta. As strange as this may appear, I had the same banter from Kentucky with the great *Rodolph*, to give them a race with *John Bascombe*, after having travelled him upwards of fifteen hundred miles, and winning two four mile matches in extraordinary time; and I think it nothing more than fair from "Zoloe" (as he has a reputation to gain) to come out with some of the "cracks," and try "my broken down and badly managed stable," as he calls it; and if he will be so good as to bring *Big John* out to Augusta, the way that little *Hickory John* will beat him, 4 mile heats, is no body's business. I will insure friend "Zoloe" a race, and the way that the Georgians will pile it up against the Kentuckians, will be not a little and quit. It will be worth the attention of "Zoloe," or any of his *friends*, to bring any horse that they can select in old Kentuck to beat my "broken down stable." All you have to do is to bring plenty of money, and I will guarantee that you get it bet, and a few thousand better. My friends have not lost confidence in me yet, if "Zoloe" has, for they have not lost the first cent of their money on any of my matches.

Friend PALMER states that *Hickory John* made better time when *he* had him than he has in my hands. Now P. must recollect that H. J. lost all his 4 mile races in his hands, and that too, over short courses, and it is to be supposed that he ran his best; but since H. J. has been in my stable he has never been beaten. He won his match against *Miss Medley*, for $5000 aside, with perfect ease; and all that I have required of him, has been, that he should win the money. I will guarantee that if H. J. is beaten over the same tracks on which he was beaten when Mr. Palmer had him, as badly as he is managed, he makes better time by three seconds than when Mr. P. ran him.

Friend "Zoloe" wants to know what *Fanny Wright* has ever done? For my part, I think she has done a great deal, for she has won all her races, and that is as much as ought to be required of horses, unless a man wants a broken down stable. So has Hickory John done all I required of him, and if friend "Zoloe" wants to know what more H. J. can do, let him bring something out here that can put him up 4 mile heats, and I will pledge myself that he will make better time than ever was made in Kentucky—4 miles—the full distance.

Friend "Zoloe," I think 500 dollars that *Fanny Wright* will beat your favorite *Big John*, if they come together, 4 mile heats, for I believe that Fanny, in good order, is one of your Bascombe and Hickory John kind, that can run from breakfast till candle light. I think too, I have one of the best 3 year old colts in this country, England, or Arabia, called *Gerow*, by Sir Henry, out of an Eclipse mare—the mare out of the dam of *Robin Hood*. He is now engaged in a match 1 mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, Augusta, with *Charlotte Barnes*, a 4 year old. And, for your further information, I will acquaint you that I have in training *Eclipsia*, *Little Red*, *Blue Black*, a fine 3 year old Eclipse colt, the property of Gov. BRANCH, and several others, all of which can "stand up to their rack" with any thing in Kentucky.

In conclusion I will remark, that we have a great number of other "broken down, bad managed" horses in the stables of the following gentlemen of this place, viz.—Messrs. MORRISON & HARRISON, G. EDMONDSON, LEVERICH & WILSON, and H. DALBY, that will give gallant contention and fine sport, and are able to compete with any of the great cracks of Kentucky so highly spoken of by friend "Zoloe." From South Carolina and Georgia I can select a stable that can beat the U. States, England or Arabia.. M. L. HAMMOND.

DELMONICO & BROTHERS' magnificent new establishment was opened last week, with a splendid *Feast* given to the corps editorial. Had we not been catching Pickerel in Rockland Lake on that day, we should have had great pleasure in making one of the pleasant party assembled. Delmonico's *restaurateur* has long been considered unequalled, and his new establishment exceeds in elegance as much as in size anything of the kind in the Union. Some account of the wines, etc., will be given as soon as we can find room; the vaults are 180 feet in length, and contain 20,000 bottles.

KENTUCKY STOCK BOOK.

We are requested to call the attention of the breeders of fine stock to this publication, now in progress. The very great importance of such a work is quite apparent to everybody who thinks at all on the subject. Experience has established the value of *blood* in horses and cattle, and those who own such stock should be prepared to exhibit faithful pedigrees, as those who now or hereafter may wish to purchase would desire some authentic source of tracing the purity of blood.

From the Lexington Reporter and Observer.

At a meeting of the subscribers to the proposed publication of the Kentucky Stock Book at Brenan's, in the city of Lexington, on Monday, the 24th July, 1837, agreeably to notice previously published.

Present, Lewis Sanders, from Gallatin; Henry Clay, Richard Pindell, from Fayette; M. W. Dickey, from Scott; H. Clay, Jr., from Fayette; Lewis Sanders, Jr., from Franklin; Wm. Buford, Jr., from Scott; D. Thompson, from Garrard, N. G. Fitch, from Fayette.

Assurances were also given that the work would receive the encouragement and support of the following gentlemen:—

H. Blanton, Robert Scott, John Lewis, Sidney Burbridge, Williamson Bacon, Capt. John Holton, Maj. Ben. Luckette, Hon. Thomas B. Monroe, from Franklin; George N. Sanders. Philip O. Turpin, Maj. Wm. C. Butler, and Lewis Smith, of Gallatin; E. M. Blackburn, George C. Blackburn, Dr. C. Blackburn, B. E. Gray, and Col. Wm. Buford, from Woodford; J. S. Berryman, James G. M'Kinney, H. Daniel, Thos. Van Swearingen, Rev. Thomas Dudley, Samuel Smith, Dr. Wm. H. Richardson, James Erwin; George R. Trotter, J. M. Pindell, John Brennan, T. H. Pindell, G. L. Postlethwaite, from Fayette; Dr. S. Martin, from Clark; Chas. Buford, Jas. K. Duke, Capt. W. Villey, Junius R. Ward, and Dr. Gano, from Scott; Maj. Daniel Gano, Charles S. Clarkson, and Michael Sullivant, from Ohio.

The objects of the meeting having been fully made known by publications, those present proceeded to business. LEWIS SANDERS was appointed Chairman, and R. PINDELL was appointed Secretary.

Mr. Campbell, a superior miniature painter and drawer on stone, attended the meeting by request, as did also Mr. E. Troye, so dihtinguished for his elegant and superior paintings of animals.

Those present determined that they would carry into immediate execution the proposed plan of the Kentucky Stock Book.

It was determined that three committees should be appointed to prepare and conduct the editorial department, and have the general supervision and control of the work: and the committees to consist of the following gentlemen:—

On the subject of grasses, grazing, and feeding stock:—Lewis Sanders, Chairman, assisted by Hon. H. Clay and Harrison Blanton.

On the subject of cattle, asses, hogs, and sheep:—Dr. S. D. Martin, Chairman, assisted by Robert W. Scott, Rev. Thomas P. Dudley, and H. Clay, Jr.

On the subject of horses:—Richard Pindell, Chairman, assisted by Chas. Buford, Dr. C. Blackburn, M. W. Dickey, and John Lewis. Richard Pindell was appointed Treasurer and General Agent.

A contract was entered into by a *portion of those present* with T. Campbell & Co. to furnish the subscribers with four hundred books, quarto, to contain at least 200 pages, on fine paper, to execute engravings on stone to the number of fifty at least, to be bound in the body of the work, for the sum of $1250, to be paid by the subscribers. Fifty shares were created at $25 each, on the payment of which each share is to receive five books. Three books are to be reserved from each share, to be disposed of to meet contingent expenses. Subscribers only are permitted to have their stock engraved and published. One stud horse alone can be admitted to the work from a single share; where a number of individuals join in a share, any stock owned by either of them can be admitted with that exception. The publishers are bound on being furnished with a sketch or picture, to print four hundred of each animal for the work, for the sum of $15, to be paid by the owner on receiving an approved impression, and are also bound to furnish to any gentlemen desiring it an additional one hundred copies, for the additional sum of $10. Mr. E. Troye has been engaged to remain in Kentucky, for the purpose of executing paintings or sketches for the work. His prices are as follows:—For a full-sized picture of a horse, $60; for a bull, $40; for a cow, $30; for small sized paintings, $18; when more than three are ordered, $15 each; and in all cases when called a distance for less than three his expenses on the trip are to be paid. Specimens of the paintings of Mr. Troye, and engravings of Mr. Campbell included, for the work, are left at Mr. Brennan's tavern, and all are invited to examine them. This book will be got up with great labor and accuracy; and for beauty and style of engraving and printing, at least equal to any English work of the same character, and at a cost of less than one third. The endeavor will be to embody the history and pedigree of all the fine stock of our State, from the earliest day to the present time—to give alone authentic matter, cleaned as far as possible from all that is spurious and doubtful, and make the work of standard character and reputation.

In early days as fine stock as the world could produce was brought to our State, the record of them is almost forgotten, though their pure blood runs in the veins of many descendants. Witness Laburnum, standing here in 1789, by imported Lath, dam Col. Braxton's imported Kitty Fisher. What blood is superior? The memory of those horses must be preserved. All persons interested in our stock are desired to prepare their history and pedigree, with undoubted references for authenticity, and as those conducting the editorial department act without compensation, it is hoped every one will lighten as far as possible their labors. *Undoubted* pedigrees of all kind of stock will be admitted, and in all cases where there is a cross, not heretofore of known pedigree, and information can be had from any source, it is desired that the person interested will furnish the same in the form of certificates. These matters have been long neglected: with the proper assistance the whole truth can now be brought to light. The day is at hand when pure bloods, of *known pedigrees alone*, will be esteemed. It is earnestly desired that all persons having an interest in the stock of the State, will turn their immediate attention to the importance of this subject, and come forward with their subscriptions without delay, as a few gentlemen have thus far taken on themselves the responsibility of the work, and they are extremely anxious that every breeder would join them, and that every fine blooded head of stook shall be embraced in the work. Let us all join, and as we believe we have the finest stock in the world, let the world see them.

Our friends in Ohio and other States are invited to join us.

The execution of the work has been announced, its completion certain, and its progress will be as rapid as the matter can be prepared and the engravings made. It is proposed that it shall be published in three parts, to follow as soon as possible.

The number of subscribers is limited to fifty.

All communications on the subject of the work generally, or on horses, can be made by letter (in all cases post paid), to R. Pindell, at Lexington. Mr. E. Troye is authorized to receive subscriptions, and all who find it convenient are desired to pay him in advance, as it will hasten the progress of the work. No subscription received with less than $10 in advance.

Ordered that these proceedings be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and that all papers having an interest in the subject of stock be requested to publish them.

LEWIS SANDERS, *Chairman.*

R. PINDELL, *Secretary.*

GROUSE SHOOTING—THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

Every succeeding twelfth of August brings with it a repetition of the cares, anxiety, bustle, and joyful anticipation of its predecessor. Guns are overhauled and repaired, dogs caressed and put into condition, dog-carts re-painted, and on the eleventh many are to be seen parading in their new shooting-dress, with their hands thrust to the bottom of their jacket pockets, and their hats (the very essence of sporting equipments) stuck on one side, in that don't-care a-deuce sort of way, betokening the self-esteemed crack shot, a genuine indifference to all mundane affairs, and, in the mind's eye, the future destroyer of twenty brace before breakfast. At last "the wee short hour ayont the twal" announces that time has decided that the glorious twelfth has commenced. In proportion to the distance to be travelled is the preparation for the road. The parties either start on the previous afternoon, and take up their quarters at some moor-side ale-house, denying themselves the luxury of a bed, and rejoicing in the martyrdom of spending a few hours on two chairs; or before chanticleer has awakened the busy world with his sweet notes, the four-wheeled carriage is seen flying along the streets, the gas-light showing the sportsman in all the buoyancy of anticipated sport, with his dogs in apparent astonishment at being denied the use of their limbs, and an occasional flashy reflection, denoting the deadly nature of the weapons with which the splash-board of the vehicle is encumbered. At last they arrive at the moors, where all their previous preparations are concentrated into five minutes work. The dogs are patted and taught "to-ho," the guns are loaded and capped, the jacket is buttoned by two buttons in the middle, the hat is placed firmly on the head, the word *forward* is given, away go the dogs, and the 12th of August has fairly commenced.

Such has been the preparations of our sporting townsmen; but Saturday showed that even on the moors, no real happiness was to be found. The morning was late in dispelling the nightcap-like mist, which rolled its deep form along the sides of the hills, effectually preventing a serious commencement, and when this was dissipated it was succeeded by a violent thunder-storm, the torrents of rain setting at defiance all Mackintosh's inventions for the comfort of man. Some persevered in spite of the weather, and bagged their six or eight brace, until the soaked state of their toggery warned them of the propriety of their returning, while others, who had been viewing the "pitiless, ceaseless rain" from the window of their hostelrie, came to the wise resolution of keeping their powder dry, and returned home excellent specimens of disappointed ambition.

The birds were strong and plentiful, so that we hope the weather will yet prove propitious, and allow our drawing-room shots one day's fun for their money. Monday was a fine day, and several parties had excellent sport. We have heard of one gentleman, on the Bradfield Moor, bagging 19 brace and a half and a wild-goose; and several others have been very successful.

Sheffield Iris.

A VISIT TO THE GRAND DUKE OF BADEN'S STABLES
AT CARLSRUHE.

BADEN-BADEN, June 30, 1837.

After a pleasant boating excursion up the Rhine, we landed at Leopoldshafen, and taking post proceeded on to Carlsruhe. The country in the environs is beautiful, and the town a little bijou. After perambulating for above an hour in search of an hotel, we were at length glad to put up with an hostelry of the second class, so full were all those of more importance. Next morning, after an ample breakfast on hashed chevreuil, which is as plentiful here as hops in Kent, or mutton on the South Downs, in as scorching a sun as a Nabob could wish for, I strolled to the Palace and walked into the stables. No groom, or impudent serving man, or fee-loving porter, barred ingress: every part of this noble pile is open to all who choose to enter. Here and there a menial, basking in the sun, just raised his head to see who disturbed his slumbers, and having satisfied his curiosity, dropped again to repose; so still and quiet was it that I thought I had stepped into the palace of the Seven Sleepers. The whole range of building forms a figure like that which denotes the sign of *libra* in the zodiac. The arch forms the stud-groom's house; the wings the coach-houses, and the opposing line the stables and riding-school. The first object that struck me was the immense width, the whole being built on the plan of the cloisters of a sacred edifice. The stalls are large, and, added to the height of the ceiling, made their occupants appear diminutive.

The stud, as nearly as I could count, and as I could extract from one of the sleepers whom I contrived to waken with a thaler, consists of two hundred and fifty-six—fifty-six being at Baden with the Grand Duke, and the rest here, divided into sixty road-horses, forty carriage-horses, a considerable number of hacks, and twenty-four carters for the farm adjoining the Park. These again are divided into the English and German stud; the former, which I carefully looked over, with the exception of four and two Arabs, would certainly be thought very moderate gigs in London. The four I noticed were Attila, Hercules, a chesnut hunter, very perfect, Mars, and brown horse called Dandy I., who, if his qualities do not belie his looks, must be a clipper. The white and a black Arabian looked as graceful as that breed ever do.

Notwithstanding the space and the open windows, there was a confined smell, arising from the litter, which must be unwholesome. A few planks are carried down from the manger to the ground, forming a kind of cupboard, into which the litter of yesternight is forked, and which in process of time engenders the foul air I found so offensive. I am convinced that to this, and perhaps want of work, must be attributed the heavy and feverish looks that all the "tits" exhibited. *Du reste*, the cut of their tails was that of the old hunter, a long, thin, square-cut dock, such as we see in pictures of our grandpapas, dear good old souls! who went to hunt in a cocked-hat, and took four hunters to run down a hare! How I should like to see a stiff starch old gentleman of the olden time, a mighty Nimrod of *his* day, with the identical wig and the identical Highflyer with whom he used to do such wonders, meeting the Quorn hounds some fine morning, with a burning scent and a field of bruisers! Fancy the indignation of the ancient on seeing himself distanced by thin-legged animals, two or three of whom, in his goodness of heart, he had determined to sling across his Highflyer, and give a lift home at the end of the day! I could not help indulging in a lengthened *chateau en Espagne* as I regarded these relics of departed times, and reflected that *their* generation soon would be numbered among the things that have passed away. Perchance they thought so too, and determined no more "to fret themselves because of the ungodly;" for devil a one would move from their recumbent posture, into which it had pleased one half to throw themselves.

Leaving these halls of idleness, I passed through a very large riding-house into the German stable. Any one who has seen *one* Mecklenburg horse has seen *all*—the same brown color, the same fat carcase, the same turn-up of the tail, the same long unwieldly legs; in short, the impersonification of *ditto, ditto, ditto!* To me the only mystery is how the grooms can distinguish one from the other.

From these I went to the coach-houses (regular saddlery there seemed none, at least I could not discover it), and such a collection of.....hackney coaches! *Dieu des Dieux!* certain am I that all the Margraves from the time of Robert the Long downwards, each and all invested money in a carriage, and duly deposited it in the Royal stables of Carlsruhe, where it has remained from that day ever since. One, of the year 1600, amused me particularly: there were no springs, except a spiral piece of iron inside the suspenders, which in some measure broke the jerk, and lamps at the four corners exactly resembling the lanthorn shewn as Guy Fawkes's in the Bodleian Library. A little white pony caleche, with red body, was rather pretty, but on the whole horses and carriages resemble Tattersall's show on a bad day.

At Baden I met the Grand Duke, and, with all due respect be it said, had his Royal Highness ever seen our general postmen, or the servants at Richardson's travelling theatre, he might have mistaken them for some of his own. Such ill-dressed, slovenly fellows I never beheld: red coats, turned up and lined with yellow, white waistcoats and trowsers, the whole hanging about them like sacks, surmounted with cocked hats; this formed their costume. Quantity, not quality, seems the order of the day in all these little German courts.

The Park is the most picturesque, delightful spot the eye can rest on; filled with wild boar, chevreuil, and game; the pheasants abundant, and sufficiently tame to eat from the keeper's hand. I believe they are seldom disturbed, being kept for the Duke's special amusement.

In the evening we ordered posters, and trotted merrily along to Baden-Baden, the real Garden of Eden, a perfect little paradise, with the anomaly of a Hell for its principal attraction! On the road a hare pursued by a fox in full cry crossed my path, Reynard's brush streaming in the air. Fool that I was to despise the omen! *Alieni appetens*, alas! alas! *sui profusus!*

If any of your readers wish a translation, I recommend them to take a trip to the "Rooms" at Baden-Baden.

AN AMATEUR.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for August, 1837.

ON BREAKING AND TRAINING POINTERS AND SETTERS.

A remark or two on this head may not be uninteresting to manv, at this period of the season. August is now at hand; this is the month when we notice the careful dog-breaker and trainer bestowing all possible pains on the puppies to get them ready for the season.

Good bred dogs require generally but little breaking: but for some years past it has been a fashion to cross the pointer with the fox-hound, or rather strains introduced, to give strength and speed, consequently there is much more difficulty than folks would suppose. A great fault arises in the keepers and breakers undertaking to manage too many young dogs at the same time; this is for the sake of gain. Some gents. give two guineas, others five, and even ten guineas is given. What is the consequence? The man takes so many, that the whole, in all probability, are improperly managed. To learn dogs to stop and back (point) the breaker takes them forth to the field, with a *staunch* old dog; having already prepared each puppy to answer to his name; thus they are bid to range. The old dog takes his point (the young ones knowing then nothing beyond their name and cut of the whip, these are immediately brought into requisition), each dog is called to, and threatened if he moves, and many a stripe follows for the eager cross-bred puppy, when frequently the meek and highest-bred dog will stop and probably take up the point. Thus the breaker finds the disposition of each dog, and treats them accordingly. If it should happen that the dogs have got on a young brood of birds, the utmost care is taken, as when the old birds rise the eager puppies are apt to run riot, and frequently destroy many young birds. The rebels are then taken up and coupled together, and the careful obedient puppies allowed to proceed with the old dog; and, strange as it may appear, a good bred dog is made master of his work in two or three days, both *stop* and *back*.

Dogs are taught to fetch and carry their game; this is generally done when young, by using even a ball, or a dead bird, throw it from you, and in play in the first instance, they will follow, mouth it, and probably bring it to your feet. This should be taught singly, or the dogs, eager one against the other, will learn to tear and destroy their game. The gun also should be used occasionally, to make them familiar with the sound, as it frequently happens that a meek dog will take alarm, and even run away at the sound of a gun. Many a sportsman has been disappointed the first of the season from this cause. His dog has been brought home as thoroughly broken in, very superior dog, *of course the best in England*—expense paid. Now all is ready for the first of September; some extra pains taken to get the dog familiar with his master. Out he goes—takes his point—is not this beautiful? Up get the birds, bang goes the gun, the feathers fly, and away flies the dog;—being the first time he has heard the sound, all the coaxing in the world will not bring him near you for that day. What is the result? Why, of course, no sportsman will give it in, so that he contents himself with walking up a few birds, if they are tolerably thick, unless he can join some friend whose dog has more experience. So goes the sport.

W. B.

Any person having a valuable pointer or setter must be on his guard this month, as the fancy gents do not stand at trifles, having a ready trade now for seasoned dogs.

London Sportsman for Aug., 1837.

NEWSPAPER STEALERS.—Some paltry wretch has gone to the Seamens' Chapel and stolen away a file of the *Sandwich Island Gazette*. "Pon our honor," he must be a two-and-three-penny scoundrel who would steal a newspaper, when for the paltry sum of six dollars he might bind the printer and editor to twelve months' hard labor (hard enough. too?) in the—not the state-prison or penitentiary, but in the printing office. Truly, some folks think newspapers grow like toadstools, that the printers' pockets are filled with gold, and that editors (poor editors!) are men who only have to suck the ink out of their pens and grow fat! Deliberate boobies! they know not what they think. Every type is picked up singly, every ounce of ink costs *l'argent*, every poor "us" has a family to support, children to clothe, and pigs to feed. Go on, ye cruel paper stealers! Go on, ye neglectful public! starve us! kill us! bury us!—(decently.) But then you will have no newspapers! Query—Do you not always look for the Gazette every Saturday night, and growl like bears if you do not receive it?

Sandwich Island Gazette.

FISH AND HARE HUNTING EXTRAORDINARY.

Most of our readers would stare were we to tell them seriously that grilse and salmon are now so rife in the river Nith, that the very horses are beginning to catch them, in the most novel of all halve-nets—a pair of lantern jaws. Yet the following fact can be established by the evidence of more than one eye-witness. On Thursday last a hard-working horse, while helping himself to a drink at the Dock-head, sucked in so far a thumping grilse of the weight of 4 or 5 lbs., which very possibly had been hurt by some stone-thrower previously. In the first instance the horse appeared dumbfounded, and after heaving his head on high, rejected as offal what the highest of the land consider a very great delicacy. But it was not lost; urchins are always lurking about the Dock-head, and one of these seizing the prize, scampered off with it to his delighted mother, who at night-fall brandered a slice of the fish, and sent the finder to bed as happy as a prince. It is true the boy, or rather his hairy friend the horse, who deserves a cap the first time they meet, had unconsciously poached on the manor of another; but the tacksman of the Nith, Mr. Scott, opposed as he is, and has good right to be, to the deadly grapple, grudges so little an occasional waif, that no one laughed more heartily than himself when the story was told at the market-place on Friday morning.

As a companion to the above, we may record, for the first time, an anecdote communicated by a north country gentleman more than a year ago. A servant girl, whose master resided in the neighborhood of Peterhead, was returuing home one day with a basket well filled with provisions, and on the top a few lobsters, newly caught, and as yet strangers to the transformation upon which Butler founds his splendid travesty of the mock heroic:—

> "The sun had long since in the lap
> Of Thetis taken out his nap—
> And like a lobster boiled, the morn
> From black to red began to turn."

As the basket was rather heavy, the girl set it down and rested a brief space on a gowany sward, fringing a hedge by the way side; and on relifting it, had proceeded a good way onwards before she discovered that one of the lobsters had crawled from the basket, to nestle among verdure as green and cool as its native sea. Vexed at this she returned to the spot, and after a little search found not only the lobster, but a poor mawkin, as firmly held by the leg within one of its claws as our river craft are by a chain cable. Unaware of any enemy being near, the hare in scrambling through the hedge, had unconsciously got into the strangest of all traps, and as the girl could not open it, she proceeded home with master lobster and his prisoner under the one arm, and the basket under the other, greatly to the surprise and amusement of her employer. An event so singular deserved to be celebrated, and after the yeoman had ordered hare-soup, and convened a few friends to share and hear its history, a series of as hearty guffaws over a glass of toddy bore testimony to the shell-fish exploit as perhaps ever rang from the "farmer's ingle." Whether the hare attempted to haul the lobster after it, is not known; but supposing it had, the exhibition would have been similar to that of the braggart who told his officer he had caught a Tartar:—"Then bring him along."—"He won't come." "Then come yourself."—"He won't let me."

Varieties.

Man Traps.—Thieves sometimes catch themselves, as the following incident will show:—A gentleman living not very far from me, had his orchard repeatedly robbed, and bidding defiance to prohibitory acts, had an old man-trap repaired, and set up in his orchard. The smith brought it home, and there was a consultation as to which tree it should be placed under; several were proposed, as being all favorite bearers; at last the smith's suggestion as to the *locus quo* was adopted, and the man-trap set. But the position somehow or other did not please the master, and as tastes occasionally vary, so did his, and he bethought him of another tree, the fruit of which he should like above all things to preserve. Accordingly, scarcely had he laid his head upon his pillow, when the change was determined on, and ere long the man-trap was transferred. Very early in the morning the cries of a sufferer brought master and men into the orchard, and there they discovered—*the smith.*

Blackwood's Magazine.

Odd Justice.—Two Quakers resident in Philadelphia, applied to their society, as they do not go to law, to decide in the following difficulty:—A is uneasy about a ship that ought to have arrived, meets B, an usurer, and states his wish to have the vessel insured—the matter is agreed upon—A returns home, and receives a letter informing him of the loss of his ship. What shall he do? He is afraid that the policy is not filled, and should B hear of the matter soon it is all over with him—he therefore writes to B thus:—"Friend B, if thee has'nt filled up the policy, thee needn't, for *I've heard of the ship.*" "Oh, oh!" thinks B to himself—"cunning fellow—he wants to do me out of the premium." So he writes thus to A:—"Friend A, thee be'est too late by half an hour, the policy *is* filled." A rubs his hands with delight—yet B refuses to pay. Well, what is the decision? The loss is divided between them. Perhaps this is even handed justice, though unquestionably an odd decision.

Ib.

A Jewish Method of bringing Boys up Professionally.—When the breakfast was cleared away, the merry old gentleman and the two boys played at a very curious and uncommon game, which was performed in this way:—The merry old gentleman, placing a snuff-box in one pocket of his trousers, a note-case in the other, and a watch in his waistcoat pocket, with a guard chain round his neck, and sticking a mock diamond pin in his shirt, buttoned his coat tight round him, and putting his spectacle-case and handkerchief in the pockets, trotted up and down the room with a stick, in imitation of the manner in which old gentlemen walk about the streets every hour in the day. Sometimes he stopped at the fire-place, and sometimes at the door, making believe that he was staring with all his might into shop-windows. At such times he would look constantly round him for fear of thieves, and keep slapping all his pockets in turn, to see that he hadn't lost anything, in such a very funny and natural manner, that Oliver laughed till the tears ran down his face. All this time the two boys followed him closely about, getting out of his sight so nimbly every time he turned round, that it was impossible to follow their motions. At last the Dodger trod upon his toes, or ran upon his boot accidentally, while Charley Bates stumbled up against him behind; and in that one moment they took from him with the most extraordinary rapidity, snuff-box, note-case, watch-guard, chain, shirt-pin, pocket-handkerchief—even the spectacle-case. If the old gentleman felt a hand in any of the pockets, he cried out where it was, and then the game began all over again.

A Monkey's Memory.—Authors generally seem to think that the monkey-race are not capable of retaining lasting impressions; but their memory is remarkably tenacious when striking events call it into action. A monkey which was permitted to run free, had frequently seen the men servants in the great country kitchen, with its huge fire-place, take down a powder-horn that stood on the chimney-piece, and throw a few grains into the fire, to make Jemima and the rest of the maids jump and scream, which they always did on such occasions very prettily. Pug watched his opportunity, and when all was still, and he had the kitchen entirely to himself, he clambered up, got possession of the well-filled powder-horn, perched himself very gingerly on one of the horizontal wheels placed for the support of saucepans, right over the waning ashes of an almost extinct wood fire, screwed off the horn, and reversed it over the grate. The explosion sent him half way up the chimney. Before he was blown up, he was a snug, trim, well-conditioned monkey, as you would wish to see on a summer's day; he came down a carbonated nigger in miniature, in an avalanche of burning soot.—The *a-plomb* with which he pitched upon the hot ashes, in the midst of the general flare up, aroused him to a sense of his condition. He was missing for days. Hunger at last drove him forth, and he sneaked into the house close singed, begrimmed, and looked scared and devilish. He recovered with care; but like some other great personages, he never got over his sudden elevation and fall, but became a *sadder*, if not a *wiser* monkey. If ever Pug forgot himself, and was troublesome, you had only to take down a powder-horn in his presence, and he was off to his hole like a shot, screaming and chattering his jaws like a pair of castanets.

The following beautiful sentiment is extracted from Willis's new play, "Bianca Visconti."

> If the rose
> Were born a lily, by force of heart,
> And eagerness for light, grew tall and fair,
> 'Twere a true type of the first fiery soul
> That makes a low name honorable. They
> Who take it by inheritance alone—
> Adding no brightness to it—are like stars
> Seen in the ocean, that were never there,
> But for the bright original in heaven!

Eight or ten buildings on Delord street, New Orleans, at the corner of Tchoupitoulas street, were destroyed by a fire which originated in a kitchen, on the night of the 3d inst.

N. Y. Sun.

What a name—*Tchoupitoulas* street—just think of a man with a swelled jaw and an aching tooth, asking whereabouts in *Tchoupitoulas* street the Dentist lived?

VERY PROBABLE.—A correspondent of the Boston Morning Post, dated Washington, 12th inst., says:—Miss Clifton, the actress, is among us, and, as usual, produces much sensation among those who are fond of pretty women. I to-day saw upwards of forty Honorable M. C.'s casting glances at her, and all stood ready to touch "the hem of her garment."

TRAGEDY IN BELFAST.—Forrest a night or two since met "Happy Jerry" in St. James's street. "Well, Jerry, I am off for America on Tuesday next."—"You are?" asked Jerry in a tone of regret.—"Yes," replied Edwin, "I have just paid my passage money, thirty pounds."—"Thirty pounds!" exclaimed Jerry, "why you have been imposed upon, they ought to have taken you for fifteen."—"Why so?" asked the tragedian.—"Because," replied Happy Jerry, "being so heavy an actor, you should have been taken as half ballast."

Sagacity of a Savage.—The sagacity of savages often transcends all that the boasted learning of schools and colleges can show. A North American Indian, upon returning home to his cabin, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, was stolen. After taking his observations on the spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. Meeting some persons on his route he inquired if they had seen a little old white man, with a short gun, and accompanied by a small dog with a bob tail? They answered in the affirmative; and, upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give so minute a description of a person, whom, to them, it appeared he had never seen? The Indian replied, "The thief, I know, is a *little* man, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon in order to reach the venison from the height at which I hung it while standing on the ground; that he is an *old* man I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the wood; that he is a white man I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be *short* from the mark the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of the tree against which it had leaned; that his dog is *small* I know by his track; and that he has a *bob-tail* I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting while his master was busied about my meat."

Rising Geniuses.—*Scene in a School-room.*—Master—Fuss class'n jografee.

Scholars—Yeth'm.

Master—Tumas, what's the biggest river in Amoriky?

Boy—The Tom*big*bee, zur.—Ike keeps a pinchin' on me!

Ike—He pinch't me first zur, and I pinch't him back again.

Master—You Ike, I'll wallop you bomby.—Take yer seats. Fuss class in parsin'! Moses, parse Arkansas—sixth line from top.

Moses—A-r-k ark, a-n-s ans, arkans, a-s ass, Arkansas.

Master—Pronounce it Arkansaw.—But, Moses, yer ain't spellin', yer parsin', child.

Moses—Oh, yeth'm.—Harkhandsaw is a noun—objective case—indicative mode—comparative degree, third person and nomitiv case to scizzars.

Master—You hav'nt said what gender, Moses.

Moses—Feminine gender.

Master—Why?

Moses—Corz itz——

Master—Next. Tom, why is it of the feminine gender?

Tom—Don't know, thur.

Master—Next.

Boy—Corz itz a shemale.

Master—Next. Come, David, you know.

David—Yeth'm. Corz itz—why, corz itz got Miss Soury on the norf, Louisa Anna on the souf, Miss Sippy on the east, and ever so many more she females on the west.

Master—David, you may go to the head—you're a rising genius, and 'll make a man before yer mother. David—Yeth'm.

Claremont Eagle.

Anecdote of a Painter.—The Cincinnati Post gives the following striking anecdote of the introduction of an American painter to Benjamin West. Some thirty odd years ago, there lived Edward G. Malbone, by birth a native of Newport, Rhode Island, by profession a miniature painter. The productions of his pencil were among the *lack-judgment* people of the United States, considered very fine. He was our personal and intimate friend; in one of our voyages to Europe, he went with us, "*to improve himself in the art*," so said his letter of introduction to Benjamin West. A day or two after our arrival in London, we went together to see Mr. West. We introduced him to the "*President of the Arts in Great Britain*," as Napoleon called him. Mr. W. said, after reading his letter, "Sir, have you any specimens of your art with you?" "I have, Sir," was the prompt reply; at the same time producing, from a breast pocket, a shagreen case of an oval form, of some four inches by three, which contained a picture of ivory, representing "*the hours*" past, present, and future, by their *positions*. Mr. West looked at it attentively for some minutes, then turning to our friend, he said, "Sir, your letter informs me that you came to London to improve yourself in the art; you may go home by the first vessel, sir, there is not a man in Europe that can paint a picture like this."

BOBBY BOWLES AND THE DOCTOR.

Bobby Bowles, the actor, was greatly attached to the sport of fishing, and during the time he was a member of the Norwich company, devoted a great portion of his leisure hours to his favorite amusement. But Fortune, fickle goddess, seldom dispenses her sweets without her bitters, and so she served poor Bobby; for though he committed some little havock among the perch in the neighborhood, yet the illness of his wife, by which he was deprived of her professional services, and his small salary afforded him but a scanty pittance. The doctor, however, who attended Mrs. Bowles, contracted a great liking for her husband's society, and the latter, when successful in fishing, would send the son of Æsculapius a brace of perch, or some other piscatory dainty, as a judicious mode of conciliating his temper against the day of reckoning.

At the end of the season, Bowles not having a sufficiency of coppers to carry him out of the town, addressed a very lachrymose letter to the physician, entreating his patience till enabled at some future day to answer his demand. The humane man returned him a note to this effect:—

"Dear Sir,—With my sincere sympathy in your present situation, and best wishes for your future good fortune, I beg to inclose you the sum of one guinea, being the balance due to you as per bill annexed:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Bowles to Doctor	6	1	0
By perch at sundry times	7	2	0
Balance due to Mr. Bowles	1	1	0

Retrospections of the Stage.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE FIRST SPRING MEETING will commence over this Course on the 3d Tuesday, the 17th of October, and continue three days.

First Day, a purse of $200, two miles heats, under the saddle, free for all Trotting Horses. Immediately after a purse of $100, two mile heats, in harness, free for all Trotting Horses that never won a purse over fifty dollars.

Second Day, a purse of $100, two mile heats, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses that never trotted for money. Immediately after a purse of $100, two mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses that never trotted for money.

Third Day, a purse of $200, two mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses. Immediately after a purse of $50, mile heats, best three in five, free for all trotting horses; ten dollars, each, entrance; to be added to this purse.

Centreville, L. I., September 7, 1837. JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor*.

TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES, Near Trenton, N.J.

A SWEEPSTAKE for 4 yr. old colts, that never won, will be open until the 18th instant. Subscription $50 each, h.f., and fifty dollars added, mile heats, under the saddle; three or more to make a race. Entries to be made with either of the Subscribers on or before Monday, 18th September. The trot to come off on Wednesday, 20th inst.

Same Day—A Purse of $50, 2 mile heats, under the saddle, free for any thing.

A Match Race will come off at the same time between Mr. Tom's c. colt, by Pelham, 3 yr old, and Mr. Hitchcock's b. f. by Pelham, for $100 a side.

Trenton, 7th Sept. 1837. J. DAVISON, O. BAILEY.

NEWBERRY C. H. (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence on this course, on Monday, the 25th Dec. next, with a Sweepstakes, Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 5 subs.

James M. Henderson.
W. R. Smith.
Major Wm. Eadins.
Major J. M. Starke.
Simeon Fair, Esq.

Tuesday—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats.
Wednesday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats.
Thursday—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats.
Friday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

And on Wednesday, immediately after the regular race is over, a Sweepstakes will be run, Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 2 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 7 subs.

Major J. D. Williams,
William Noland,
M. R. Smith,
Simeon Fair, Esq.
Major J. M. Starke,
Major J. D. Williams,
Capt. A. Griffin.

There is also two other Sweepstakes, still open, to come off Fall meeting, 1838, to both of which, however, there is a sufficient number of subs. to ensure a race.

[82] R. STEWART, *Sec'y & Treas'r.*

CULPEPER C. H. (Va.) FALL RACES

WILL commence on the 3d Tuesday in Sept. and continue 4 days. Besides the usual Jockey Club and Proprietor's purses (three in number), the following stakes are open and will be run for, viz.:

Two Stakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 in each, h. ft. One for Two miles and repeat (now 5 subs.) the other One mile and repeat (now 4 subs.)

3d. A Stake free for all ages, One mile and repeat; sub. $100, h. ft.; 5 yr. olds and upwards, to carry 100lbs.—4, 90lbs.—3 and under, catches. 3 or more to make a race. Two have named, and it is expected 5 or 6 will enter. This race will be run the 1st day, so as to afford an opportunity for the horses in it to run the last day for the Proprietor's purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

4th. A Stake for 4 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $50, ft. $30, One mile and repeat. Three or more to make a race.

5th. A Stake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $50, ft. $30, One mile and repeat; 3 or more to make a race.

The two last Stakes are confined to colts raised in Culpeper, or some adjoining county, or county next to an adjoining county. These Stakes all close on the 1st Sept. The Haymarket races, half way to Washington City, following on the succeeding Tuesday, aad then Washington City races the following week. All convenient.

Culpeper C. H., Va., August, 1837. [At19-4t.] THE PROPRIETOR.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE RACES over the BASCOMBE COURSE will come off on the 21st of November next, and continue five days. First day, a Post Sweepstakes, for colts and fillies, three years old, spring 1837, two mile heats, $500 entrance, $300 forfeit, to close 1st September next—four entries.

Second day,	Jockey Club	Purse,	$500,	Two Mile Heats.
Third day,	do	do	700,	Three Mile Heats.
Fourth day,	do	do	1000,	Four Mile Heats.
Fifth day,	do	do	300,	Best 3 in 5.

All entries for the Sweepstakes to be addressed to the Secretary, enclosing note for forfeit, payable 1st November next. The money for each day's Purse hung up without discount. Entrance, five per cent. on the amount of purses. Stables and litter furnished by the proprietor gratis. EDW'D B. GALE Secretary.

☞ The Races at Huntsville, Columbus, Miss., and Greensboro, Ala., will be so arranged, as to give [illegible] coming in that direction time to get to Mobile and New Orleans for the Races. s19

SWEEPSTAKES,
Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

No. 1. Mile heats, subscription $100, forfeit $50. The second Saturday in November, 1837.

1. W. J. Minor names s. f. by Longwaist, out of Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
2. " " " gr. f. Gulia Grisi, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
3. W. H. Chambers names b. f. by Red Rover—Mary Mead, by Palafox.
4. P. Hoggatt names gr. g. by Longwaist—Piano, by Pacolet.
5. O. F. Hornsby names b. g. by Red Rover—Fennella, by Whip.
6. F. L. Claiborne names f. by Red Rover—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
7. Isaac Elmine names gr. f. by Longwaist—Minerva, by Mercury.
8. W. S. Smith names s. f. by Longwaist—Flight, by Virginian.
9. Osmun Claiborne names s. f. by Longwaist—Old Dido. [Closed.]

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.

1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
2. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
3. W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
4. " " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.

1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glennara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad. Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.

1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Nailor.

Dec. 9th, 1836. [Closed.]

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.

1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforhila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ——

To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.

Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.

Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor*.

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for 1839, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close before the first day of October, 1837, to which there are six subscribers, 3 or more to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton.
Col. Joseph H. Townes.
Col. John Crowell.
Robert D. Glover.
G. Edmonson
John Morrison.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—

Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson.

Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

CAMDEN (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence, on this course, on the 1st Monday in Nov. next, with a Sweepstakes Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 6 subs.

1. J. J. Moore,
2. J. J. Mickle,
3. P. McRa,
4. J. B. Richardson,
5. W. Hampton,
6. A. R. Ruffin.

Tuesday.—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats; purse not less than $600.
Wednesday.—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats; purse not less than $500.
Thursday.—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats; purse not less than $350.
Friday.—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5; purse not less than $350.

Camden, S. C. July 18, 1837. [Ju29] J. S. NETTLES, *Sec'y and Treas'r.*

COLUMBIA (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

ANNUAL RACES.—Will come off the Third Tuesday in Nov. 1837.

First day—Four mile heats,
Second day—Three mile heats,
Third day—Two mile heats,
Fourth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5,
Free for all horses.

On the day previous a Stake for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old; 14 subs.; $200 ent., h. ft.; Two mile heats. Closed.

Col. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Godolphin.
Col. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Bertrand, jun.
P. M. Butler names produce of Symmetry and Godolphin.
J. H. Hammond names produce of Arcadian and Eclipse.
J. J. Mickle names produce of Young Grand Duchess and Yeman.
John McLean names produce of Lady Burk and Herr Cline.
W. Thompson names produce of Sally Hopkin and Red-gauntlet.
W. E. Haskell names produce of Amanda and Rob Roy.
P. McRae names produce of a Bedford Mare and Godolphin.
Col. Singleton names produce of Phenomena and Luzborough.
M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances and Bertrand
Col. W. C. Beatty names produce of Stockholder Mare and Eclipse.
F. J. Henderson names produce of Pacolet Mare and Bertrand.
Col. J. J. Mickle names produce of Virginia Mare and Yeman.

On the Monday following the annual races, the Hampton Plate will be run for according to the following Resolution of the Club.

Resolved, That the entrance for the Hampton Plate shall be equal to the value of the Plate—shall be reinstated in Plate of the same value and description, to be run for annually the day after the regular races—distance, Two mile heats. Free for all horses carrying their appropriate weights. [82-4t] G. STALKER, *Sec'y ana Treas'r.*

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

FALL OF 1837, over the Washington Course, District of Columbia, will commence on Tuesday, the 3d of October, and continue four days.

FIRST DAY'S RACE.

A Sweepstake, two miles heat, entrance $300, forfeit $75, with colts and fillies 3 years old in the spring of 1837.

1. Gen. George Gibson names b. f. by Oscar, Jr.
2. Major T. P. Andrews names b. c. by Marylander.
3. T. R. S. Boyce names b. f. by imported Apparition.
4. James B. Kendall names br. c. Henry A Wise, by Dashall.
5. Bay colt by Andrew.

Second Race, same day.

A Sweepstake, two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100, with colts and fillies 3 years old spring of 1837.

1. George Semmes names c. c. Tom Walker, by Marylander.
2. William H. Williams names c. f. by Eclipse.
3. C. A. Grant names c. c. by Marylander.

SECOND DAY'S RACE.

A splendid Tea Service, cost $500, two mile heats, entrance money depending on the number of subscribers; the winner to take the plate or $500, at his option.

Second Race, same day.

A Sweepstake, $300 entrance, $100 forfeit, nine subscribers, and closed, two mile heats with colts and fillies 3 years old spring 1837.

No. 1. Col. Francis Thompson.
2. Wm. H. E. Merritt, Esq.
3. Captain John Heth.
4. Col. James M. Selden.
5. William Williamson, Esq.
No. 6. William H. Minge.
7. Col. Daniel Jenifer.
8. Col. William Wynn.
9. Mr. Saffer.

THIRD DAY'S RACE.

Proprietors' purse, $500, three mile heats, entrance $20.

FOURTH DAY'S RACE.

National Jockey Club purse, $1,000, four mile heats, entrance $30.

The above Purses are free for any horse, mare, or gelding, in the United States.

JAMES S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

From the number of fine horses now in training in New York, New Jersey, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia and North Carolina, the proprietor hopes to have them all; he promises a hearty welcome and a fair field. He has given the fixtures of the Course a thorongh repair, altered the Pavilion, enclosed the Course, erected new picketing, and, for the protection of the horses that may visit the Course, he promises them dry lodgings.

The stables have been also fitted up, and new ones built on the Course to accommodate about 100 race horses. Straw and stables gratis. sr9

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 6 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $200, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $1000, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now one sub.

A Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $100. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting, 1840, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 2 subs. [Ju29] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor*.

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

DUBUFE'S PAINTINGS.

NOW OPEN FOR EXHIBITION, at the Stuyvesant Institute, Broadway, opposite Bond street, two magnificent Paintings, (just arrived from Paris) by the celebrated *Dubufe*, the painter of the much admired pictures of *Adam and Eve*, and a distinguished pupil of *David*, whose modern style bids fair to rival the renowned ancient Artists. To the admirers of the Fine Arts, these paintings offer a treat not surpassed by any thing which has before been exhibited in this country.

One of the paintings, covering 175 feet of canvass, represents a thrilling scene, from Byron's Don Juan, (4th Canto 37th Stanza,) between JUAN, HAIDEE and LAMBRO; and the various passions with which they are agitated, allowing full scope to the pencil of a Master, are most vividly depicted.

The other of smaller dimensions, although nearly as large as life represents St. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS sipping the pure stream gushing from a rock, is in the true style of DAVID, and a most finished painting.

Hours of exhibition from 9 in the morning untill 10 at night. Admittance 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

⁂ Omnibusses will run to and from the place of exhibition during the day and evening

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U. S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse Trustee, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself, See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD.*]

No. 2.—Powhattan, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—Dashall, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—Middlesex, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—Bergen, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. Langford, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. John Bull, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. Somerset, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. Margaret, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare Charlotte Pace, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare Powancey, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

Mo. 17—Gray mare Bianca, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare Young Nettletop, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19—Bay mare Miss Mattie, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare Blanche, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g. g. dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g. g. g. dam the Bashaw mare. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare Lady Mostyn, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g. g. dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare Helen, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, by Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837 To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

SWEEPSTAKES—OXFORD (N. C.) COURSE—FALL, 1837.

A SWEEPSTAKES for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old, Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; ent. $100, h. ft. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 15th Sept. 1837.

2d. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies that never won a race, ent. $50, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close as above. Three or more to make a race.

Both the above Stakes are expected to be quite full. Address the PROPRIETOR.

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE,

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

COLT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a 3 year old colt, of a rich brown color, fifteen and a half hands high, full, and very handsome. He was got by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Grand Duchess, the dam of Busiris. C. IRVINE

Philadelphia, July 22, 1837. [Ju29]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL.

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.

None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.

jy22 RICHARD RUSSELL

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [s17] Mobile Ala., June 1. 1837

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown.—*Mohammed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye. Its operation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed; on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from discolorment, eruption, roughness, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or ill consequences whatever.

Price $2 Sold wholesale and retail, by

[A12] H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-St.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga. - - - -	Lafayette Co., Match, $5000 a-side, *Gerow* vs. *Charlotte Barnes*, Dec. 4.
" "	Jockey Club, Lafayette Course, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
Baltimore, Md. - - -	Central Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
Batesville, Arks. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
Beans Station, Tenn.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.
Camden, S. C. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Monday in Nov.
Centreville, L. I. -	*Trotting Course*, First Fall J. C. meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
" " -	Match, $2000 aside, 3 m. h. in Harness, *Awful* vs. *Screwdriver* 3d Oct.
Clarksville, Va. - -	Buffalo Course, Mecklenburg Co., Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
Chillicothe, Ohio - -	Association annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
Columbus, Miss. - -	Hyde Park Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Monday, 16th Oct.
Columbia, S. C. - - -	Annual Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
Cynthiana, Ky. - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.
Dover, Ky. - - - - - -	Webster Course, annual Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.
Danville, Va. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
Duke Prairie, Mo. -	Match, $1000 a-side, — m. h., *Quartermaster*, vs. *Mordecai*, 27th Oct.
Elkhorn, Ky. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 1st Nov.
Farmer's Course, Va	[County or town not sent to us] Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.
Farmington, Mo. - -	Match, $1000 aside, 2 m. h., *Shakspeare, Jr.*, vs. *Tom Fletcher*, Oct. 19.
Fairfield, Va. - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
Fayetteville, Arks.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Thursday, 5th Oct.
Fort Smith, Ark. - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th Oct.
Fredericksburgh, Va.	Mulberry Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Oct.
Greensboro', Ala. - -	Henry Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 5th Tuesday, 31st Oct.
" "	Old Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Nov.
Greensburgh, Ky. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
" " -	Match, 2 m. h., $1000 a-side, *Ben Duncan* vs. *Robt. Burns*, 12th Oct.
" " -	Match, $300 a-side, 2 mile heats, *Waxetta* vs. *Pilgrim*, 11th Oct.
Huntsville, Ala. - -	North Alabama Association Fall meeting, last Monday, 30th Oct.
Jacksonville, Ill. - -	Union Race Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 25th Oct.
Kendall Co., Md. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
" "	Match, $1000 a-side, 4 m. h., *Blue Ruin*, vs b. h. by Logan, 11th Oct.
Keysburg, Ky. - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
Lexington, Ky. - - -	Association annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
" "	Match, $1000 a-side, —— heats, J. Lyndsay's b. f. by Bertrand and Potomac, vs. T. Barker's b. f. by Bertrand and Orphan, 17th Oct.
Louisville, Ky. - - -	Oakland Course, Association Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
Logan, Ky. - - - - -	Near Russellville, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.
Little Rock, Arks. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 8th Nov.
Maury Co., Tenn. - -	Jockey Club annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
Memphis, Tenn. - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 6th Nov.
Mobile, Ala. - - - - -	Bascombe Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
Mecklenburg, Va. -	Buffalo Course, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
Milledgeville, Ga.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
Newberry C.H., S.C.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Monday, 25th Dec.
Nashville, Tenn. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
" "	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn. vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
Natchez, Miss. - - -	Match, 2 m. h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.
New York City. - -	Union Course, L. I., First Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
" " "	Match, $5000 a side, Mile heats, *Henry A. Wise* vs. *Gift*, 2d Fall meeting.
" " "	Match, $2000 a-side, 2 m. h. *Br. to Post Boy*, vs. *Br. to Coronel*, sametime
New Orleans, La. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
Opelousas, La. - - - -	Jockey Club annual Fall meeting, 1st Thursday, 2d Nov.
Oxford, N. C. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
Prince Edward, Va.	Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
Philadelphia, Pa. -	Camden Co., N. J.—Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, Oct. 24.
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $10,000 a-side, $3000 ft., *Charlotte Russe*, of S. C., vs. *Lady Cliffden*, of Md., during this meeting.
Rocky Mount, Va -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
St. Louis, Mo. - - -	Old Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Oct.
" "	Sulphur Springs Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, Oct. 17.
St. Stephens, S. C. - -	Jockey Club annnal Fall meeting, last Wednesday, 25th Oct.
Tappahannock, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
Terre Haute, Ind. - -	Turf Club 1st annual meeting, Central Course, 2d Wedn'y. 11th Oct.
Trenton, N. J. - - -	Eagle Course, Single Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Nov.
Tree Hill, Va. - - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
Unionville, S. C. - -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 1st Nov.
Vicksburg, Miss. - -	Match, —— heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 20th Nov.
Washington, D. C. -	National Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country May have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York **Spirit of the Times**. For a great number of **Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting**, and othe **Matches** and **Challenges**, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

QUEBEC (L. C.) FALL RACES

Commenced on the 20th instant, over a Course delightfully situated, about two miles from the city, on the Plains of Abraham. The weather was delightful, and the sport good and well attended. Our special correspondent has sent us a full report, and another one is furnished by the Quebec Mercury, a great part of which we quote.

" It was so long since there had been a race meeting on the Plains of Abraham that we began to think the good old English sport had been banished from the land under the influence of the sour sanctity of Sir Andrew Agnew or some of his proselytes. But the spirited exertions of the gentlemen who undertook to get up the meeting now ended, showed that the spirit was only dormant, and that the sports of the Turf merely wanted a little encouragement to make our race course—the most ancient in these provinces—attractive as ever, and bring together sportsmen from all parts of Lower Canada; we now congratulate them upon the success which has attended their efforts. The weather has been propitious and the course was well attended both yesterday and to-day; the arrangements excellent, the course well kept, the running good, and all appeared highly delighted with the amusement."

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 20, 1837.—The *Trial Stakes* of $100, given by the Stewards; ent. $5; Mile heats.

Major Dickson's gr. g. *Pickwick*, red jacket and black cap, aged, 9st. 8lb	1	1
Mr. Benoit's ch. m. *Queen Victoria*, aged, 9st. 7lb	2	2
Mr. Head's b. m. *Spinning Jenny*, aged, 9st. 7lb	3	3
Mr. McGrath's ch. g. *Pantaloon*, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb	dis	

In this race the horses came off well together, *Pickwick*, a powerful horse, having decidedly the best of it from starting, won the first heat cleverly by two lengths, Mr. Benoit's mare making a decent second. For the second heat these two only started, and the grey had it all his own way from beginning to end.—In the first heat an untoward accident occurred to *Pantaloon*; when running in, at the quarters, he fell suddenly, and the rider was taken up senseless. He was immediately attended to by some medical gentlemen who were on the course, and, though he had fallen heavily, was able to ride another race.

SAME DAY—Second Race.—The *Quebec Stakes* of $200, given by the Stewards; ent. $20; Two mile heats.

Mr. Richard's ch. g. *Waverly*, aged, 10st. 7lb	2	1	1
Major Dixson's b. h. *Negociator*, 5 yrs. 9st. 7lb	1	2	2
Mr. Vivian's b. g. *Shillelagh*, aged, 9st. 11lb	3	3	
Mr. W. De Lery's ch. h. *Beau*, 6 yrs. 9st. 7lb	dis.		

Time, 4:10—4:12—4:15.

This race created great interest, from the character of the horses that were entered. First, there was the wonderful veteran Waverly, who at *eighteen* literally looked as fresh as a four year old, and came on the course in beautiful condition. Then Negociator, a highly bred imported horse, and Mr. De Lery's chesnut horse Beau, boasting some of the best blood in the south and a very handsome animal; the fourth, Shillelagh, had acquired some reputation from having won Her Majesty's Guineas at the Three Rivers meeting this season. The start for this race was beautiful, the horses came away well together, and in the first round Mr. Vivian's horse led through the quarters, but it became evident that Waverly and Negociator would cut out the work their own way, which they presently did and on coming to the turn at the back of the course in the second round they separated themselves from their companions, when a desperate neck and neck struggle ensued, both horses doing their best, Negociator winning with difficulty by nearly a length. Beau was distanced for running on the wrong side of the post, he was injudiciously ridden, his jockey had not the power to hold him, and the horse ran at every disadvantage.

In the second heat only Waverly and Negociator came to the post,—the old horse evidently had the superiority in condition, he had cooled off well and his breathing became regular almost before he had got to his rubbing ground, and he was brought up in high spirits. The race was closely contested throughout the whole of the two miles till at the run in from the last turn, when Waverly shook off his antagonist and won the heat in beautiful style.

The third heat was equally well contested, but the condition and training of the old horse told, and he carried off the Stakes. Negociator was much distressed, he had not been sufficently long in training, and consequently was not in as good wind as he might have been, and though admirably jockied by Mr. Weir, 32d Regt. he lost ground at every turn from running wide, whilst the old horse knew his work and ran close to the posts. Negociator, though beaten, showed himself an honest horse, and in good condition, at mile heats would probably have beaten the veteran.

SAME DAY—Third race.—The *Ladies' Purse* of $40, given by the Stewards; ent. $5; Mile heats. *Gentlemen Riders.*

Mr. Weir's b. g. *Shamrock*, aged, 11st	1	1
Mr. Richards' b. m. *Childers*, aged, 11st	2	2
Mr. Colborne's ch. g. *Pipe Clay*, 9st. 10lb	3	dis
Mr. Benoit's ch. m. *Queen Victoria*, aged, 11st	4	
Mr. Grenier's gr. m. *Toute Seule*, 4 yrs. 9st. 7lb	dr	

Time, 2:05—2:09.

This race was entirely between Shamrock and Childers, the other two not having the slightest chance. A good deal of difficulty occurred in starting, Childers being difficult to mount, and when mounted very capricious in the way she may choose to go. However, after a good deal of plunging and curveting, she was at length brought to the post, and the whole went off at a dashing pace, Shamrock and Childers, from the judge's stand round, holding a close *tete-a-tete* which there was no danger of being interrupted by the interference of the others, and in this way they contended till the ending, when Shamrock came out the winner, after a severe struggle. The second heat was run in the same way, and with the same result, though Shamrock, ridden by his owner, Mr. Weir, had the race more decidedly his own at an earlier period. It must be stated, in justice to Childers, that she carried several pounds above her weight, and was ridden by a gentleman but little accustomed to race riding.

His Excellency Lord Gosford was on the ground throughout the day, with a party, amongst whom were Captain King, of the *Champion*, and Lieut. Colonel Wetherall of the Royals. The company was numerous and fashionable.—There were many strangers, and several Officers of the Garrison of Montreal, who came down to the meeting.

The sports of the day passed off without any other accident than that we have above mentioned, and terminated a little before sunset.

THURSDAY, Sept. 21.—The *Hurdle Race* for a Purse of $80, ent. $4; Two mile heats. Gentlemen riders, to carry 11st.

Mr. Richards' b. g. *Waverly*	Dr. Sherwood.	1
Mr. Capel's gr. g. *Charlie*	Owner	dis.
Mr. Weir's ch. m. *Henrietta*	Lord Cochrane	dis.
Mr. Horrock's ch. h. *Der Teufel*	Owner	dis.
Mr. Benoit's ch. m. *Queen Victoria*	Owner	dis.
Mr. Colboure's ch. g. *Pipe Clay*		dr.
Mr. W. De Lery's *Beau*		dr.

The five horses took the first leap into the quarters, but at the second, Derteuful only took it in his gallop, the others all refusing; at the third leap he sulked, and his rider had difficulty in getting him over, and coming again to the hurdle at the quarters, he positively refused it and remained planted. Meantime Waverly got over the leaps and had the race all to himself. Mr. Weir's Henrietta, ridden by Lord Cochrane, and Mr. Chapel's Charlie, ridden by the owner, also got over or broke the hurdles, and made a pretty race together, but as a Hurdle Race, the whole was by no means successful.

The weather was beautiful; indeed we have seldom seen a finer day than the present, at this season of the year, and the whole passed off in a manner that reflected great credit on the Stewards.

SAME DAY—Second Race.—The *Garrison Plate* of $120, ent. $5, for horses bona fide the property of officers of the Army; Mile heats; Gentlemen riders.

Mr. Weir's b. g. *Shamrock*, aged, 11st	Owner	1	1
Major Dickson's gr. g. *Pickwick*	Mr. Horrock	2	dr
M. Vivian's b. g. *Shillelagh*		dr	

Time, 2:40.

Match.—A private match then came off between Mr. Lyon's br. m. and Mr. Capel's mare *Betsy*, and was with difficulty won by the latter.

SAME DAY—Fourth Race.—The *Beaten Plate*, or Handicap Stakes, for beaten horses, of $80, ent. $5; Mile heats.

Mr. Richards' b. m. *Childers*, 10st	1	1
Major Dickson's b. h. *Negociator*, 10st	2	2

Time, 1:59—2:03.

SAME DAY—Fifth Race.—The *Garrison Hack Race*, Half mile heats, rode by officers, was won by Mr. Weir's *Moccasin*.

Had the winner been out of the race, it would have been one of the prettiest races ever run upon the Quebec Course, the beaten horses all coming in together, as if, to use a common expression, a sheet would have covered them all.

SAME DAY—Sixth Race.—Saddle and Bridle (for *Canadian Horses*, rode by farmers,) four started—won by *Moffatt*.

The Quebec Mercury states that the weather during both days was exceedingly favorable; and an immense concourse of persons assembled to enjoy the sport; the whole of which went off with great good order and propriety. His Excellency the Govenor-in-Chief attended the races both days.

In the evening the Race Ball took place at the Albion Hotel, and was fashionably though not numerously attended. The Hon. Col. Gore, Comdt. of the Garrison and his lady were present, as were Lieut. Colonel Wetherell, 1st Royals, Hon Colonel Dundas, 83d—Captain King and several officers of H. M. S. Champion, with a large number of the Officers of the Garrison. Dancing was kept up with great spirit till a late hour—or rather early. At 12 o'clock the supper rooms were thrown open and every delicacy of the season which could pe provided by Mr Hoffman, was found on his tables, and much enjoyed by the gay party.

We congratulate the lovers of the Turf on the success of their attempt, and hope it will be renewed next year, when we have no doubt that with a longer notice and the time of meeting brought nearer to that of the Montreal Races, a numerous field of good horses will be brought upon the ground.

Ingenious Correction.—The editor of the Graham's Town (Cape of Good Hope) Journal, thus ingeniously explains a typographical error which promised to involve him in serious trouble: " We are sorry," he says, " to learn, that a line in the Poem lately inserted in this Journal, entitled " The Kafir war," has greatly roused the ire of the Ladies of Port Elizabeth. In describing that Port, the Poet says:—

> ———— Where sands alone are *fair*,
> " Where ladies are not—gentlemen are rare."

We candidly confess, that on reading these lines, we ourselves felt greatly indignant; but on mentioning the subject to a friend, who possesses, on these subjects, great discrimination, he at once pointed out a mistake in our typographical arrangement, which, if corrected, would entirely reverse the meaning—thus:—

> " Where ladies *are not* (gentlemen *are*) rare."

We submit this reading to the parties concerned, and trust that this correction will prove that the author of the obnoxious couplet had very different intentions to those imputed to him."

A little boy was sent by a pressman into the composing room of a printing-office, not long since, to ask for a mark of astonishment [!] and parenthesis [()]. The urchin ran grinning away, and asked the foreman to '*mark an astonisher and two apprentices.*'

TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES—CENTREVILLE COURSE, L. I.

THE following Sweepstakes closed on the 23d instant, with the subscribers respectively annexed:

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, *in Wagons*, free for all horses; sub. $50, h. ft., with $25 added by the Proprietor.

H. Woodruff names b. g. *Blinker*.
P. Wheelan names b. g. *Ion*.
J. Conklin names b. g. *Emperor*.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, under the Saddle, free for all Trotting Horses that never won a Purse over $50; sub. $50, h. ft., and $50 added by the Proprietor.

Mr. Corby names s. g. *Brutus*.
F. Geodrich names br. m. *Lady Hamlet*.
W. Smith names b. g. *Pompeii*.
C. Bertine names b. m. *Betsey*.

The above Sweepstakes will come off over the Centreville Course on Thursday next, 5th Oct., at 3 o'clock, P.M. JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor*.

MATCH—SCREW-DRIVER vs. AWFUL.

THE Match between these celebrated horses, for $2000 a-side, h. ft., Three mile heats, in Harness, will come off over the Centreville Trotting Course on TUESDAY NEXT, the 3d Oct., at 4 o'clock, P.M. JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor*.

POST MATCH—Centreville Course. L. I.

A Post Trotting Match will come off over the above course on Tuesday, Oct. 10th, for $500 a side, h. ft., Three mile heats, under the Saddle, between *Daniel D. Tompkins* and a horse to be named the evening previous to the race.

JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor*.

Camden and Philadelphia Jockey Club Races.

THE Fall meeting over this Course will commence the 4th Tuesday, 24th Oct., and continue four days.

First Day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 7 subs. and closed—viz:

J. M. Selden names b. c. Pinkney, by Sussex, dam by Eclipse.
Wm. Jones names b. c. by Lovel, out of Ellen by Eclipse.
A. L. Botts names s. f. by Eclipse, out of Phillis.
Isham Puckett names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Lagrange.
J. S. Garrison names s. f. Sally Bertrand, by Bertrand, out of Sally Hornet.
Wm. Townes names ch. f. Eloise, by Luzborough, out of Mary Wash by Don Quixotte.
Wm. R. Johnson names b. c. by Eclipse, out of J. Goodrum's Virginian mare.

Same Day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200; 4 subs. and closed, viz:—

Wm. Townes names b. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Shylock.
Wm. R. Johnson names br. f. by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham by John Richards.
Wm. Wynn names b. c. Picton, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella.
John D. Kirby names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Silver Tail by Sir Archie.

Second Day—A Match race, Mile heats, for $400, between Mr. Leiper's br. f. and Mr. Cochran's ch. c.

Same Day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats; ent. $15.

Third Day—A Match race for $10,000 a-side, $3,000 ft., Four mile heats, between Charlotte Russe and Lady Cliffden.

Same Day—A Purse of $500, Three mile heats; ent $25.

Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse $1,000, Four mile heats; ent. $50.

Philadelphia, Sept. 26, 1837. [S30] Wm. N. FRIEND, *Proprietor*.

NEW-YORK RACES, UNION COURSE,

WILL commence on the 1st Tuesday in October next, (3d inst.) and continue three daya.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 3 yrs. old, 2 Mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100; 11 Subscribers, and closed. Subscribers.

1. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Ostrich, by Andrew.
2. Ro. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.
3. Also filly, by Nullifier, out of Polly Hopkins.
4. J. Bathgate names f. by Autocrat, dam by Henry.
5. John C. Stevens names s. c. by Henry, out of Janette.
6. Also, produce of Romp, by Henry.
7. Rs. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam, by Henry.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey, by Charles.
9. G. T. Wilson names produce of Miss Fisher, by Andrew.
10. A. L. Botts names s. f. by Eclipse, out of Phillis (full sister to Gohanna.)
11. T. Pearsall names produce of Gulnare, by Flying Childers.

Same Day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Second Day—Purse $500. Three mile heats.
Same Day—Purse $100, Mile heats.
Third Day—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Same Day—Purse $100, Mile heats.
More than fifty race Horses will be on the Island this first meeting.

ALEXANDER L. BOTTS,
September, 1837. [s16] DAVID A. BRANCH.

THE MESSRS. TATTERSALLS

BEG leave to inform the American public that they are instructed to sell the ROYAL HAMPTON COURT STUD, about the second week in October next, *without reserve* consisting of Stallions, Brood Mares, and Foals of this year. The Stallions are—the Colonel, and Actæon: among the Mares, are *Fleur de Lis, Glaucus' dam, Caravan's dam*, and many others of the most fashionable blood. Also, some of the finest foals ever seen--in the whole, about seventy lots. This Stud is allowed, from the blood of the mares, to be the finest in England, having been selected without any attention to cost, by the best judges.

Sept. 9--4t

COLUMBUS (Miss.) JOCKEY CLUB FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races over the Hyde Park Course, will come off on the 16th Oct., with the following Purses:—

First Day—Sweepstake for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old last Spring, Mile heats, $200, entrance, h.f.; 3 or more to make a race, and close 10th Oct. Entries made by address to Proprietors, at Columbus, Miss.

Second Day—Sportman's Purse $250 entrance, p. p. Two mile heats; two or more to make a race; to close first day of the races, and free for all ages.

Third Day—Purse $500, Three mile heats, free for all ages; ent. $25.

Fourth Day—Purse $1000, Four mile heats, free for all ages; ent. $50.

Fifth Day—Proprietor's Purse $300, best 3 in 5; free for all ages; ent. $15.

This is now one of the handsomest and best improved Courses in the South. Racers travelling south to Mobile and New Orleans will find it both convenient and to their interests to come by this way, as the time of the races here will allow them to take either the Alabama or Mississippi route to Mobile and New Orleans, and run at all intermediate places. Race horses will be accommodated with stabling and litter gratis, by the

Columbus, Miss., Aug. 15, 1837. THE PROPRIETORS.

KENDALL COURSE—FALL MEETING, 1837.

THE Jockey Club Races, over the Kendall Course, Md., will commence on Tuesday, 10th Oct., and continue four days.

First Day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 4 subs. and closed.

1. Col. Wm Wynn names b. c. Picton, by Luzborough, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy.
2. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names b. c. by Andrew, out of the dam of Vertumnus.
3. John D. Kirby names Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's b. f. Caledonia Brander, (Imp.), by Longwaist, dam by Orville.
4. Jas. B. Kendall names b. c. Balie Peyton, by Andrew, dam by Eclipse.

Same Day—Second Race.—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1837, that never won a race; Two mile heats; ent. $200, ft. $100. Now two subs., the period of closing not yet at hand. This stake promises to be well filled—there are four promised entries, which those interested may calculate on.

Second Day—Proprietor's Purse $400, Three mile heats; ent. $20.

Same Day—Second Race.—A match race, Four miles and repeat, for $1000, between Mr. James Kellum's ro. h. Blue Ruin, 5 yrs. old, by Logan, dam by Doctor, and Mr. W. H. Parker's b. h. by Logan, dam not given, 5 yrs. old—both Va. nags.

Third Day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats; ent. $30.

Fourth Day—Silver Plate, value $350, Two mile heats, the winner to take plate or money; ent. agreeable to the number of entries.

Same Day—Second Race.—Purse $200, Two mile heats; ent. $15; free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland and District of Columbia.

The track, as usual, in perfect order; good stables and litter gratis, with every accommodation for man and horse. [s16] JAS. B. KENDALL, *Proprietor*.

JOHN GILBERT

BEGS to inform his friends and the public that he has commenced the Commission Business in the City of New York. Liberal advances will be made on Cotton and all other articles of produce consigned to him. He will also purchase merchandise for country merchants on order, at 2½ per cent commission, and exercise his best judgment and taste in the selection of goods.

From a long experienee in mercantile pursuits, having attended to a general business in one of the Southern States for many years, and the last five years in this city, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage. The utmost despatch and an unflincing adherence to instructions will be strictly observed.

Office No. 156 Pearl-street, New York. [s16-4t]

ELKHORN (Ky.) FALL RACES

WILL come off the first Wednesday in November, 1837.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, ent. $100, h. ft., and closed.

Wm. Buford, jun., names ch. f. Ellen Tree, by Medoc, out of Morocco, by Tiger.
L. Sanders, jun., names b. f. Julia Dumont, by McDuffie, dam by Turpin's horse.
John Clarke names b. c. Hawk-eye, by Sir Lovell, dam by Sir William.

On the same day, a Sweepstakes, One mile out, for 3 yr. olds, ent. $25.

Lewis Sanders, jun., names b. c. by McDuffie.
Dr. L. Sanders names b. f. by Trumpator.
Ben. Luchett names ch. f. by Jackson, dam by Sumpter.

Second Day—Purse $300, Three mile heats, ent. $30.

Third Day—Purse $200, Two mile heats, ent. $20.

Fourth Day—Sweepstakes, Mile heats, ent. $50, free for all ages, to remain open up to the evening previous to the race.

On the same day, at 3 o'clock, a Post Stake for 3 year olds, that have never won a race, ent. $50. BEN. LUCKETT, *Secretary*.

Elkhorn, Ky., Sept. 1, 1837.—[S 16]

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPE COURSE,

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—

Four mile heats $3000, $500 to the second best horse.
Three mile heats $2000, $400 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight; 6 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5.
Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer*.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.

A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.

Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.

A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.

Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.

New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorotive after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

Agent for New York, J. H. Howard, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

MILLEDGEVILLE (Ga.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

ON the 2d Tuesday in November next the races over the Milledgeville Course will commence, in the following order.

First Day—Mile heats, for colts, a fine Silver Pitcher and Cup, worth -	$150
Second Day—Two mile heats, free for all, Purse - - - - - -	300
Third Day—Three mile heats, free for all, Purse - - - - - -	600
Fourth Day—Four mile heats, free for all, Purse - - - - - -	800
Fifth Day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5 - - - - - - - - -	350

☞ The money to be hung up each day.
☞ The Races to be governed by the Rules of the Lafayette Course, Augusta.

[s16] HENRY F. YOUNG & Co., *Proprietors*.

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) J. C. RACES,

OVER THE HENRY COURSE, will commence on the 5th Tuesday, 31st day of October next.

First Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $100, h. ft.: Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

A. Webster. Saml. H. Early. N. B. Starke. Wm. M. Inge.

Second Day—Proprietor's Purse, $300; free for all ages; ent. $20. Two Mile heats.

Same Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $200, h. ft.; Two Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837. Now one Subscriber—Wm. M. Inge.

Third Day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000; ent. $50; $200 to be awarded to the second best horse in the race, provided he saves his distance. Four Mile heats.

Fourth Day--A Poststake for 3 yr old colts and fillies; ent. $200, p. p.; Two Mile heats; now one Subscriber--Wm. A. Verell.

Same Day--A Sweepstake, free for all ages (weights for age), ent. $200, p. p.; Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wm. H. Leland. Early & Amis. N. B. Starke. Jno. B Jones. Wm. M. Inge.

Fifth Day--A Sweepstake for 4 yr. olds; ent. $500, p. p. Two Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wm. A. Verell. N. B. Starke. Edw. Johnson. Levin Gale.

Any communication addressed to either of the Proprietors, Greensboro', will be attended to.

H. A. TAYLOE,
J. C. BRANCH,
Greensboro', Ala., June 22d, 1837. [Jy15] ROBT. BEVERLEY.

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

THE following Stakes are to be run over the Mulberry Course, near Fredericksburgh, Fall meeting, 1837, to commence the 4th Tuesday in Oct.

A Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $150. To close the evening preceding the 1st day's race.

A Post Stake free for all ages, Two mile heats; sub. $200. To close 1st Oct.

A Produce Stake for colts and fillies foaled Spring, 1838, to run Spring, 1841, then 3 years old; Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 10 subs.

Lynchburg, July 5, 1837. [J15-tls] J. H. OLIVER, *Proprietor*.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE subscriber has received by late arrivals from Europe an excellent assortment of single and double barrel PERCUSSION FOWLING PIECES, manufactered by WESTLEY RICHARDS of London, and other celebrated makers, which he offers on most advantageous terms, wholesale and retail.

N. B. On hand some very fair second hand double barrel, flint lock, Fowling Pieces, to be sold very cheap. Pocket, Holster, Bell and Dewelling Pistols.

[Sept. 16 St.] W. F. WREAKS, 113, Fulton-street.

DOYLE AND MAY

DEALERS in American and English Crown Window Glass.

sr93t No. 3 Carondelet street, New Orleans.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a New Series, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.